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Bampfylde Moore Carew
King of the Beggars

A GALLERY
OF ECCENTRICS

OR,

A Set of Twelve *Originals* & *Extravagants*
from ELAGABALUS, the *Waggish Emperor*
to MR. PROFESSOR PORSON,
the *Tippling Philologer*

Designed to Serve, by *Example,*
For the *Correction* of *Manners*
&
For the *Edification* of the *Ingenious*

BY MORRIS BISHOP

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ELAGABALUS

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRICS

ELAGABALUS

WE find few practical jokers among the ancients. The humors of classical men were spent in wise saws and pithy apophthegms, and their jests were rather shrewd casts at truth than befuddlements of their neighbors. Perhaps the *Lysistrata* treats of a vast practical joke played on men by women; perhaps the magic-kings of Circe were humorously bizarre; perhaps Mars and Venus were merely making game of Vulcan, as he did then in reply. But no, these are not jokes in any modern sense; Eugene Field, E. A. Sothern, Brian G. Hughes, looking upon such monstrous horseplays, would have curled the wry lip of scorn. In the Emperor Elagabalus, almost alone, would they have found a crony with a sympathetic sense of humor.

In the conduct of his banquets was his frolic whim most manifest. Let us take an example. In one of the foul dark chasms of old Rome sits a great hogshead of a man, a wheezing bellying monster such as only the South produces, the admiration of his quarter, one of the dozen weightiest men of the capital. The agents of the imperial diversions have marked him down on their tablets. And one day Elagabalus speaks an order, and a messenger of the household flies to this fleshly tun, bearing an invitation from the God-Emperor to dine at His board that afternoon. The messenger does not

wait for an answer, for no engagement is previous to an engagement from the God-Emperor.

The bidden guest is not struck chill with terror, for Elagabalus does not serve his convives with death for dessert; he is no Caligula, no Nero. But all his flesh crawls with apprehensions; he has heard of the novelties and originalities of his Lord at table. He presents at the palace gate his invitation, and is admitted and led to a swimming-pool flavored with essence of spices, roses, and wormwood. He is brought to the banqueting-hall; and there he finds that his fellow-guests are the seven fattest men that the Lord Chamberlain could scour up in all Rome. Elagabalus, the Emperor, the Boy-God, points them to their places, a couch for eight. And there the eight of them attempt to put themselves, and two are pushed off upon the floor, and they scratch and scramble and tumble their great bellies about, for they know how the dinner-guests of the God should behave, and the God is amused and screams with delight. He relents and has the couch removed, and seats his companions in a circle upon air-pillows. And when they are well composed and deep in compliments slaves suddenly release the air from the pillows, and down again upon the floor they wallow.

At last, they murmur happily, the follies are at an end. Couches of solid silver are brought in; the guests are crowned with amaranth, to open the pores and neutralize the fumes of wine. Now the *gustatio,* a fine lot of hors d'œuvres, appears: sausages, pea-hens' eggs, olives, and dormice with honey and poppy-seeds. The boon-fellows attempt great delightful bites, to find that their food is made of glass, of ivory, of marble. Elagabalus is munching his dormice with gusto; he looks up,

notices his guests at pause, and inquires touchily if one has any fault to find with the Emperor's food. "Ambrosia!" one cries, and pops an earthenware olive in his mouth with an air of bliss. And so through all the banquet; His Divinity swallows camels' heels and cocks combs torn from living birds, the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, "huge platters heaped up with the viscera of mullets, and flamingo-brains, partridge-eggs, thrush-brains, and the heads of parrots, pheasants, and peacocks," while his companions dally with their stone presentments. Only at the end does he surrender, with laughter. They dine largely on wild sows' udders, fish cooked in bluish water to preserve their natural color, and besprinkled with pearls, on fillet of ostrich. Yet even in these sweet moments, they must beware, lest they bite too deep into a dish of spiders preserved in jelly, or of lions' dung in smoking pastry.

And while dinner was in its long progress, Elagabalus would hold a lottery for his guests. Says Lampridius: "He would distribute chances inscribed on spoons, the chance of one person reading 'ten camels,' of another, 'ten flies,' of another, 'ten pounds of gold,' of another, 'ten pounds of lead,' of another, 'ten ostriches,' of another, 'ten hens' eggs,' so that they were chances indeed and men tried their luck. These he also gave at his games, distributing chances for ten bears or ten dormice, ten lettuces or ten pounds of gold. Indeed he was the first to introduce this practice of giving chances, which we still maintain. And the performers too he invited to what were really chances, giving as prizes a dead dog or a pound of beef, or else a hundred aurei, or a hundred pieces of silver, or a hundred coppers, and so on. All this so pleased the popu-

lace that after each occasion they rejoiced that he was emperor."

Now the Emperor's pot-companions have drunk well of priceless old Falernian of the year 632 A. U. C., and of strange wines flavored with pennyroyal and mastic. One has drunk too well; the palace swoops and dances before his eyes. He is conscious that slaves are bearing him to a bedchamber. There he lies in slumber until the fumes of those weird wines are something dissipated; he wakes, stirred by some dreadful apprehension; and by his bed he perceives the curious snouts of a lion, a leopard, and a bear. They thrust forward at his face . . . they wish only to play with him; they are the Emperor's tamed and harmless pets. Some of his guests, says the historian, died of this joke.

He was a great joker, a whimsical and high-humored lad, a lover of laughter in which we still may join. Yet now the mention of the name of Elagabalus, or Heliogabalus [1], suffices to bring the blush of shame to virgin cheeks. He is a byword for unnatural indulgences, and that is a pity, for he merits attention on many another count than scatology. If the honest citizen to whom this book is addressed will but overlook the painful lack of moral rigor in Elagabalus, he will find that emperor an interesting, nay, a winning figure.

We must now look into his ancestry, dubious though it be. The Emperor Septimius Severus had to wife the learned and gracious Julia, who bore him that son who was to be the Emperor Caracalla. Julia was descended from the line of High Priests of the Sun-God, Elah-Gebal, at His temple in Emesa in Syria.

[1] The name is that of his Syrian god, Elah-Gebal, in which one recognizes the Hebrew stems of "El" and "Baal." It was later Hellenized, by false etymology, to incorporate the Greek "Helio," or Sun.

From Emesa came Julia's sister, Maesa, to make the most of the family's elevation. Maesa's daughter, Soaemias, was reputed to temper her Syrian ardor with the casual latitudinarianism of Rome. Her affection for her cousin Caracalla was literally shouted in public. Caracalla once sought to ravish a vestal virgin, and, failing, had her burned alive. But even as she roasted she cried aloud her innocence, asserting that Soaemias had put the deed beyond the power of Caracalla.

The Emperor Caracalla was stabbed in 217 A.D. Macrinus, who had arranged the stabbing, succeeded to the imperial throne, as was then customary. Maesa and Soaemias, at the suggestion of Macrinus, forthwith retired to the old family home in Emesa, and there lived, wealthy and highly considered, the great folk of all that country.

Soaemias, now a widow, had a son, named Varius Avitus Bassianus. For this son the name and glory of Elagabalus were destined. Who was his father? Lampridius, a malevolent historian, sets down that the name Varius was given him by his schoolfellows because his father was "various." Whether he was in fact the son of Caracalla was a secret to which, it appears, not even his mother was privy. The popularity of Caracalla among the soldiery might, in the event of any calamity to Macrinus, fall as a legacy to Caracalla's son. The promptings of advantage made conviction of surmise. Ere long it was accepted, in the family and through Emesa, that young Bassianus, now dubbed Bassianus Antoninus, was the son of Caracalla.

He was fourteen years old in that year of 218. "Pul-

chritudine conspicuus erat," he was conspicuous for his beauty, said Lampridius, grudgingly. As the scion of the family of Priests of the Sun, he was inducted into the hereditary office. In the golden temple of the Sun, before the lewd black stone which was the symbol of Oriental Deity, he led the voluptuous songs and dances of the worshipers. He wore a tunic interwoven with gold, says Herodian, with wide sleeves falling to his feet, and he was wound about from waist to feet in gold and purple, and had upon his head a crown flowering with precious stones; ah, he was "cunctorum adolescentium formosissimus!" The Roman soldiers there in winter quarters flocked to his temple to see him celebrate his happy religion, with his "chorus winding barbarian strains before his altars, with flutes and pipes and all manner of organ-music." Soon the sedulous rumor spread among the soldiery that this dancing priest was none other than the son of Caracalla, and that his grandmother's wealth was matched only by her liberality; and all of that darling General's men were quick to see the likeness of feature. In 218 the rebellion broke forth in Emesa. Macrinus sent his troops to besiege the city, under the command of his prefect Julian; but young Bassianus or Elagabalus, as we shall henceforth term him, stood forth upon the battlements with a cluster of money-bags about him, and cried: "'Tis the son of the Antonine! Why do you thus fight against your benefactor's son?" The expeditionary troops were stirred so deeply that they joined forces with the rebels, and sent the head of their own general, Julian, back to Macrinus, marking the package, "Head of Elagabalus."[1] In a later battle near Antioch the

[1] The bundle, says Dio Cassius, was wrapped in many linen cloths and

boy gave proof of stoutness, charging the enemy with drawn sword on horseback, while his mother and grandmother, leaping from their vehicles, restrained some fainthearts by their lamentations. Macrinus escaped nearly to Byzantium by traveling in the public stage-coaches as a private citizen, until some incautious words resulted in his execution by a local centurion. His removal received common applause, as the Roman constitution made no provision for ex-Emperors.

Now see this boy of fourteen proclaimed Emperor of Rome by his army, upon the 8th of June, 218. Hear him announce to the Senate of the *populus Romanus* that the Antonines are restored; and observe the alacrity with which that august body, which had decreed death and obloquy upon him just six weeks before, welcomed him with delighted professions of fealty. He wintered in Nicomedia, and entered Rome triumphally in the summer of 219. He was to reign as Emperor of Rome and God of Earth for less than three years; in March, 222, the divine body was to be tossed into the latrinae at the behest of God's grandmother and aunt.

Of the laws of his reign, of his policies internal and external, of his relations with Senate, ministers, and popolo, I shall not speak. The inquisitive are recommended to the chroniclers, or to that racy history of his reign by J. Stuart Hay, Esq.[1] Further I shall not speak of the monstrosities of perversion with which the historians have sullied his fame for all posterity. Such records shall continue to be veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language (to adopt the golden phrase

tied up very strongly indeed with ropes. The packing was done at the instance of the bold messenger who delivered it into Macrinus's hands but waited for no receipt.

[1] *The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus.* London, 1911.

of Gibbon). If he is pictured to us as "a stampeding unicorn with a taste for *marrons glacés*" [1] the prudent researcher must subtract from the infamy of the portrait the servility of the artist. Lampridius, our most ample informant, wrote a hundred years after Elagabalus's time to the direction, and to the constant praise, of Christian Constantine. Lampridius shared his master's scorn for the House of Antonine, and most of all he raged against this dubious Syrian who had brought to Rome the worship of Baal. Dissenters in religion have been always evil livers and depraved; and therefore "instead of the generous, fearless, affectionate boy whom the populace had known, there emerged the sceptered butcher ill with satyriasis; the taciturn tyrant, hideous and debauched, the unclean priest, devising in the crypts of a palace infamies so monstrous that to describe them new words had to be coined." [2]

We shall best understand Elagabalus if we think of him always as a boy. Make any boy of fourteen Emperor, Ruler of all the World, High Priest, and God, and he will use his power to act in life his dreams of glory, magnificence, and schoolboy wit. Take this strange, precocious Syrian, inhabited by early and unnatural sensualities, educated only to be the agent of his female relatives' lust for power,[3] and one will still find that his fantasticalities are those of a boyish, though warped imagination. "He gave a naval spectacle, it is said, on the Circus-canals, which had been filled with wine . . . also he drove a chariot drawn by

[1] Hay, 201.
[2] Hay, 172.
[3] His home life was most unwholesome. His tutor, Gannys, was publicly the lover of his mother and grandmother, and in this triple employ found little time for the sedulous and severe moral training necessary for the formation of real character.

four elephants on the Vatican Hill, destroying the tombs that obstructed the way, and he harnessed four camels to a chariot at a private spectacle in the Circus. . . . He often brought four-horse chariots from the Circus into his banqueting-rooms or porticoes while he lunched or dined, compelling his guests to drive, even though they were old men and some of them had held public office."[1] He loved strange equipages. He would appear in public driving a chariot drawn by four huge dogs, or four stags, four lions, four tigers, or in a wheelbarrow drawn by four naked women of the greatest beauty. He loved also, boy-like, to make a mock of respectable elders. The Senators he called slaves in togas. "On one occasion he invited the nobles of the court to a vintage-festival, and when he had seated himself by the baskets of grapes, he began to ask the most dignified of them one by one whether he were responsive to Venus, and when the old men would blush he would cry out, 'He is blushing, it's all right,' regarding their silence and blushes as a confession."

Youthful, too, was his delight in mere extravagance and in frantic excess of luxury. "He loved to hear the prices of the food served at his table exaggerated, asserting it was an appetizer for the banquet." He loved folly not for folly's sake alone but for the pleasure of provoking the reprobation of his austere elders. Fantastic indeed were his extravagances in their eyes. "He could not rest easily on cushions that were not stuffed with rabbit-fur or feathers from under the wings of partridges, and he used, moreover, to change the pillows frequently. . . . He fed his dogs on goose-livers. . . . He sent grapes from Apamea to his stables for his

[1] Lampridius, *trad.* David Magie, in the Loeb series.

horses,[1] and he fed parrots and pheasants to his lions. . . . In a banqueting-room with a reversible ceiling he once overwhelmed his parasites with violets and other flowers, so that some of them were actually smothered to death.[2] Once he invited the common mob to a drinking-bout, and himself drank with the populace, taking so much that on seeing what he alone consumed, people supposed he had been drinking from one of his swimming-pools.[3] One summer he made a mountain of snow in the pleasure-garden attached to his house. . . . When adultery was represented on the stage, he would order what was usually done in pretense to be carried out in fact. . . . He was the first of the Romans who wore clothing entirely of silk.[4] . . . He ordered his slaves to bring him a thousand pounds of spiders' webs and offered them a prize; and he collected, it is said, ten thousand pounds, and then remarked that one could realize from that how great a city was Rome. He used also to send his parasites jars of frogs, scorpions, snakes, and other such reptiles, as their yearly allowance of provisions, and he would shut up a vast number of flies in jars of this sort and call them tamed bees.[5] . . . His chariots were made of jewels and gold, for he scorned those that were merely of silver or ivory or bronze. . . . He would propose to his guests by way of a feat, that they should invent new sauces for giving flavor to the food, and he would offer a very large prize for the man whose invention should please him. If the

[1] Most horses do not care for grapes.
[2] Mr. Hay considers this unlikely.
[3] Mr. Hay considers this libellous.
[4] Mr. Hay points out that children do not like the feeling of woolen underclothing.
[5] Domitian occupied his leisure in the killing of flies. Elagabalus had rather the instincts of the collector.

sauce did not please him, the inventor was ordered to continue eating it until he invented a better one. . . . He constructed baths in many places, bathed in them once, and immediately demolished them. . . . He purchased a very famous and very beautiful harlot for one hundred thousand sesterces, and then kept her untouched, as though she were a virgin. . . . He never put on the same shoes twice and never, it is said, wore the same ring a second time. . . . He sank some heavily laden ships in the harbor and then said it was a sign of greatness of soul. . . . He had prepared cords entwined with purple and scarlet silk, in order that, if need arose, he could put an end to his life by the noose. He had gold swords, too, in readiness, with which to stab himself, should any violence impend. He also had poisons ready, in ceraunites and sapphires and emeralds." [1]

For extravagance young Elagabalus had the best of precedent, imperial and private. Rome, in the young days of the Empire, had learned from the East to be lavish with grace and to hold riches cheap. Cleopatra, having met Mark Antony in Cilicia, prepared him an entertainment in which every dish was golden and inlaid with precious stones, wonderfully chased and embossed.[2] Antony being amazed at such magnificence, the Queen made him a present of all that he saw, and invited him to sup again with her on the following day, bringing all his captains. "And then she prepared a banquet by far more splendid than the former one, so as to make that first one appear contemptible"; and again she presented to him and his friends the table

[1] Lampridius, *trad.* Magie.
[2] Athenaeus, *Deipnosophists,* IV, 29.

ware, couches, palanquins and palanquin bearers, horses trapped with gold, and Ethiopian slaves. And this she did for four days; and on the fourth day the floor of the chamber of the men was strewn a cubit deep with roses, nets being spread over the blooms.[1]

Nero was the model and the despair of all those later emperors who would hush the world in wonder of their luxury. Nero, who wore a diadem which cost four million sesterces,[2] who never put on twice the same garment, who cast dice at four hundred thousand sesterces the point, who fished with a golden net, who shod his mules with silver, who built a palace with a dome of sapphire, a floor of malachite, crystal columns and golden walls! In him, as in Elagabalus, lived a delight in mere spending and wasting, in the degradation of what men held precious.[3]

As Caligula would feed his horse on gilded oats, Elagabalus "would mix jewels with apples and flowers, and he would throw out of the window quite as much food as he served to his friends." In later times this same impulse of poor humanity has not seldom been manifested.[4] From such examples one will conclude

[1] This Antony, says Athenaeus, who quotes from Socrates the Rhodian, later turned his lessons in luxury to an ill account. In Athens he prepared a scaffold to be spread over the theater, representing a cave sacred to Bacchus. "He sat there with his friends, getting drunk from daybreak,—a band of musicians playing to him all the time, and all the Greeks around being collected to see the sight. And presently he crossed over to the Acropolis, the whole city of Athens being illuminated with lamps suspended from the roofs; and after that he ordered himself to be proclaimed as Bacchus throughout all the cities in that district."

[2] Somewhere about $200,000.

[3] Nero, for all his dourness, had something of Elagabalus's love of fun. He found sport in sitting in an upper gallery in the theater, and flinging nuts down upon the bald head of the prætor below.

[4] Friedländer (*Roman Life and Manners, trad.* Freese and Magnus, II, 140 *et passim*) has found us some quaint examples out of his memory of all times and places. "In 1174 Henry II of England summoned to Beaucaire an assembly of squires and knights, and Bertram Rambaut had a piece of

that the ostentatious consumption of Elagabalus is to be measured rather by his opportunity than by the unique depravity of his spirit.

We may well concern ourselves for a time with the famous banquets of our subject, for a Caesar seated at meat puts off something of his strangeness, and even the thought of these foods so long since consumed may be proved by physiology to stimulate secretions in our own salivary glands. The feasts of old times have occupied the attention of many a modern scholar, and indeed this is no trivial subject, as every reader of the "Banquets" of Plato, Lucian, and Xenophon will attest. The ancients made of their meals an art and a rite. In Sicily the goddess of good food, Adephagia, had her special altars, where the more serious cooks came to pray for inspiration. Great eaters were men of renown, acclaimed for valor. Athenaeus tells us of Milo of Crotona, who carried a four-year-old bull on his shoulders around the course at Olympia, and afterward killed it, cut it up, and ate it. "Cantibaris the Persian, whenever his jaws were weary with eating, had his slaves to pour food into his mouth, which he kept open as if they were pouring it into an empty vessel." Also there was Cambles, king of the Lydians, who one night, in a ravening fit, ate his wife; "and then, in the morning,

land ploughed and sown with 30,000 *sols* in pennies. . . . In 1500 Joachim I of Brandenburg came to Frankfort to receive the allegiance of the city, and Herr von Belkow walked beside his horse in the mud in velvet boots set with pearls. He also used to ride into the pottery market with his brothers, let their horses smash all the articles, and then pay double the price; they then led their horses back into the Rathskeller and washed them in malmsey wine." Charles of Württemberg had fountains of wine for the multitude with fireworks that cost half a ton of gold, and gave sleighing parties on snow brought from far away. In the loose and abandoned court of Charles VI of France the Duke of Orléans bought a gown on the sleeves of which the music of a popular song, "Ma dame, je suis plus joyeulz" was embroidered in pearls.

finding the hand of his wife still sticking in his mouth, he slew himself, as his act began to get notorious." Philoxenus the Leucadian trained himself, by keeping his hand in the hottest water, and by scalding his mouth often, to be able to seize the best bits in hot stews and to despatch them before his fellow-guests. He was outdone by Pithyllus, called Tenthes, who had a covering to his tongue made of skin, and who wore finger-stalls, thus to anticipate Philoxenus before the still-bubbling messes.

The Romans outdid the Greeks in the honor they accorded to victuals supreme in excellence. Vedius Pollio fed his eels on live slaves, thus obtaining a rare piquancy. Mark Antony's daughter, says Dr. Doran in his erudite volume,[1] adorned a favorite lamprey with ear-rings, and exhibited him at table. Crassus, so Cicero tells us, wailed the death of a favorite eel of the muraena sort, and performed the rites of mourning as for a daughter. When rebuked in the Senate, he lauded his own grief as an exquisite proof of sensibility.

But this is leading us away from our subject, which is, for the nonce, the splendors of Roman feasts. The name of Lucullus is still our byword for all that is frantically lavish.[2] Our Elagabalus however took, not Lucullus, but Apicius, for his model. There was a high heart for you, a creature purified by the intensity of his passion, though the object of his passion was, perhaps, a low one. "He spent myriads of drachms on his belly," says Athenaeus. He lived in Minturnae, in

[1] *Table Traits;* New York, 1865.

[2] Let us do our weak little to keep in the mind of this unlearned generation Lucullus's great *mot.* Lucullus supping alone, his cook scanted a trifle his care. Lucullus summoned the cook, and with cruel chill: "Slave, did you not know that Lucullus supped tonight in the house of Lucullus?"

Campania, on account of the crawfish. Hearing talk of the great crabs of Africa, "he sailed thither, without waiting a single day, and suffered exceedingly on his voyage." The fishermen, at news of his arrival, brought the finest crabs of Africa to his boatside; but as they were smaller than those of Minturnae, he had the boat's head turned back toward Italy, and sailed homeward without going upon the African shore. He it was who sent, by a clever contrivance, fresh oysters to the Emperor Trajan, when he was in Parthia, many days' journey from the sea. A kind of cheese-cake was called Apician after him; a cook-book of his dainties has come down to us, and you may still consult it. Having spent a hundred million sesterces on refined luxuries, he found at the end that but ten million [1] remained to him. He then opened his veins, death being preferable to starvation.[2]

[1] Perhaps $500,000.

[2] A curious modern parallel to the life of Apicius is that of a certain Mr. Rogerson of Gloucestershire (*The Percy Anecdotes,* X, part 2, p. 16). After receiving an excellent education, he was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey he attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. His father dying, he came into the possession of a large fortune. He had no other servants in his house but men cooks, including three from Italy: one from Florence, another from Siena, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only, the *dolce piccante* of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys, and the rest were French. He had a messenger constantly traveling between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain plover near St. Malo. "Thus in the course of nine years, he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and was totally ruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after, he was found dressing an ortolan for himself. A few days afterwards he died by his own hands." Of similar delicacy was that Samuel Boyse the versifier, to whom a friend gave half-a-guinea when he lay in bed starving and naked. Boyse laid out the gift in truffles and mushrooms which he ate, shivering, between the sheets. Again some compassionate soul sent him a slice of roast beef, but Boyse returned the gift, as no catchup had accompanied it. (Mrs. Piozzi, *Anecdotes,* 120.)

Elagabalus, then, declared that his models in extravagance were, among commoners, Apicius, and among emperors, Otho and Vitellius. Yet this last was a gross feeder, not very like to our hero. Walking through the market-place, he would snatch at the meat roasting before the cooks' stalls and eagerly devour it. Even in the temples, he would sweep the consecrated barley from the altars and swallow it down. He was given a banquet by his brother in which two thousand fish and seven thousand birds were served. He himself invented a dish, called the Shield of Minerva. It was a vast platter, heaped with the livers of pike, brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes, and milt of lampreys, brought by his captains from the whole empire, from Parthia to the Spanish strait. Elagabalus might justly have added to his imperial precedents the Emperor Geta, who would serve banquets at which the name of every dish began with the same letter of the alphabet.[1] It will be observed that Elagabalus made no mention of Domitian, whose prandial comedy was distinctly macabre. He had a black basalt supper hall, where the guests lay on black couches, before broken black columns, and ate of black meats served by Ethiops. A meal in this cave was held to be of such ill omen that guests would commonly fall on their swords upon taking leave of their host. Such savage humor was ill consonant with the sunny mind of Elagabalus.

For the most detailed and amusing description of a Roman banquet, one would of course turn to the *Cena Trimalchionis* of Petronius. But every one has read Petronius nowadays, and I shall not reproduce his

[1] I am told that the same procedure is today considered amusing by the editors of women's magazines. I do not see that the influence of the Emperor Geta can be proved.

somewhat extravagant burlesque.[1] Let me only recall, as pertinent to our study, those dishes designed to arouse the guests' merriment while appeasing their bodily needs. Such were the pea-hens' eggs brought in under a brooding fowl of wood. These the guests cracked open, finding, to their displeasure, small birds within; but the shells were paste and the fledglings savory reed-birds. Later a whole boar was served up with sucking pigs of pastry. A slave ripped open the side of the boar, and out there flew live thrushes, which were taken captive by bird-catchers with long rods. After a whole roast pig and other entrées had been dispatched, a boiled calf made its entry with a helmet on its head. An actor dressed as Ajax then fell upon the beast, hacking it to bits with a sword, and presenting the morsels to the guests. Perfumes were let down from the ceiling, with, by way of dessert, candied images of Priapus, clasping apples and cakes. These sweetmeats, when eagerly seized, squirted forth saffron water on the clutcher.[2]

[1] We have all read Petronius, true; but does every one know that twice in modern times enthusiasts have reproduced that orgulous feast? The Abbé Margon, a poetaster of the Regency, received in 1717 (I think) a legacy of thirty thousand livres. The whole of this was necessary for his representation of Trimalchio's banquet. The Regent attended and was much edified, though not so far as to save the amphitryon when, shortly after, he was committed to the Bastille for a too exuberant satire. The illustrious philosopher Leibnitz describes a feast of Trimalchio given in the Court of Hanover in 1702. The Raugraf took the part of Trimalchio; the Queen, the Elector, and Duke Ernst August were among the banqueters. An idea of the humors may be derived from Leibnitz's report: "Se trouvant pressé il sortit et rentra en cérémonie. D'ailleurs un pot de chambre d'une grandeur énorme, où il aurait pu se noyer la nuit, le suivoit partout."

[2] The student of comparative culinary extravagances will remember that at the Circumcision feast of the son of the Khalif Motawakkil each guest had heaps of gold and silver poured out before him as a dining-favor. At a banquet given in Florence to the sons of King Ferrante of Naples, in 1476, "the principal guest received a dish with a fountain in the middle, spraying forth a shower of orange-flower water." The banquet was in three parts; the first consisted of twelve courses of meats; "at the end, a

I am afraid that all this may sound coarse to you; it reminds you of Burton's phrase, in his Anatomy of Melancholy: "If we be witty in anything, it is *ad gulam:* if we study at all, it is *eruditu luxu,* to please the palate, and to satisfy the gut." It should not be overlooked that in the Roman banquets the tickling of the palate with novelties was supplemented by the delights of other senses. Music filled the intervals of the feast; Elagabalus himself was no mean performer on the pipes, the horn, the pandura, and the hydraulic organ. Dancers beguiled the recumbent diners; and of our hero's guests it is said that between the courses they bathed and dallied with ("uterentur") women. Elagabalus, no lover of blood, would not have tolerated the Roman custom of which Athenaeus tells us: "People often invited their friends to an entertainment, promising them that they should see two or three pairs of single combatants. And when they had had enough of meat and drink, they then called in the combatants: and as soon as one of them was killed, the guests clapped, being delighted at the exhibition. And in one instance a man left it in his will that some beautiful women, whom he had purchased as slaves, should engage in single combat; and in another case a man de-

huge silver dish was set before the Duke, who took off the cover and released a number of birds. On two magnificent salvers there were two peacocks, apparently alive, with their tails spread, burning essence in their beaks, and the Duke's arms attached to a silk ribbon on their breasts." The second part was made of nine courses of sweetmeats and pastry, and the third part was dessert. By the eighteenth century this barbarity of profusion was tempered by all the elegance of a polite age. "A certain Carade invented a hoar-frost which melted in the heated room and made the river thaw, the trees turn green, the flowers bloom, and spring follow on winter. Under Louis XVI 'sableurs' used colored sand or marble dust, powdered glass and sugar, and fashioned Persian carpet patterns with marvellous rapidity before the guests came in, to vanish at a breath or a drop of water." (Friedländer, *Roman Life and Manners,* II, 157 *et passim.*)

sired that some youthful boys whom he had loved should do so; but the people would not tolerate such notorious proceedings, and declared the will invalid." The Roman pleasure in death, whether in the giving or accepting of it, would meet with only the sternest reprehension among the gentility of our own day. Athenaeus quotes from Euphorion the Chalcidian: "Among the Romans it is common for five minae to be offered to any one who chooses to take it, to allow his head to be cut off with an ax, so that his heirs may receive the reward." Even were one to grant that a refined sensuality may find satisfactions in torture, one would say that the mere beheading at table of a bought victim could please only the most coarse-grained of sadists. The Thracian game would present more attraction to our sport-loving times. Says Seleucus:[1] "Some of the Thracians at their drinking parties play the game of hanging. They fix a noose to some high place, exactly beneath which they place a stone which is easily turned round when any one stands upon it; and then they cast lots, and he who draws the lot, holding a sickle in his hand, stands upon the stone, and puts his neck into the halter; and then another person comes and raises the stone, and the man who is suspended, when the stone moves from under him, if he is not quick enough in cutting the rope with his sickle, is killed; and the rest laugh, thinking his death good sport."[2]

[1] *Apud* Athenaeum.

[2] I have spoken at so great length of these vast and extravagant banquets that I may well supply here as a corrective counterweight some reports of saintly austerity in the matter of food. St. Genevieve ate only twice in the week, on Sundays and Thursdays, and then only beans and bread. Nothing passed the lips of St. Simeon Stylites during an entire Lent. St. Germanus filled his mouth with ashes before every meal. St. Walthen put spiders in his wine, if it was over-palatable. St. Frances, Widow, would drink nothing but dirty water from a human skull. These

Good sport, perhaps, but cruel sport indeed it would seem to us, and so it would have to Elagabalus. It may be counted to him as a virtue, according to modern reckoning, that he found nothing ludicrous in suffering. The names of his witty predecessors, Nero, Domitian, Commodus, have still about them a stale reek of blood. Caligula one evening burst suddenly into laughter. When his guests inquired for the joke, he explained through bubbling mirth that he was reflecting how easily he could have all of them killed. "Dear heart," he murmured to his mistress Pryallis (I am quoting from Edgar Saltus's purple volume),[1] "I think I will have you tortured that you may tell me why I love you so." Perhaps Elagabalus, that Syrian, lacked the steadfast Roman virtues, including the stern Stoic composure in the midst of others' pain. The cruelty chiefly alleged against him is that he would sacrifice children according to the rites of his Eastern religion, torturing them and examining their vitals for his magical purposes.[2] One must, however, make a sharp distinction between the pains inflicted for religion's sake and those done out of wantonness.

His religion was, indeed, the greatest occupation of his reign. He sought, it appears, to establish in Rome the worship of Baal, the Sun, the One God. All the gods of Rome, of Africa and the East were to be the chamberlains and handmaidens of the Sun. To this end he propitiated these lesser deities, showering them with honors, having himself consecrated in a dozen

examples may induce the philosophical temper to many a profitable reflection upon the diversities of the human spirit and the variety of God's handiwork.

[1] *Imperial Purple.* New York, 1925.

[2] Mr. Hay dismisses this charge as a calumny.

priesthoods. He entered the sanctuary of Vesta and attempted to carry off the sacred shrine, but the Senior Vestal foiled this subjection of her goddess to Baal. He adopted the worship of the Great Mother, standing in the pit to receive the drippings of the slaughtered bull. "He would toss his head to and fro among the castrated devotees of the goddess, and he infibulated himself, and did all that the eunuch-priests are wont to do," says Lampridius. "He also celebrated the rite of Salambo with all the wailing and the frenzy of the Syrian cult." He announced that Baal, his God, was in the mood for marriage, that he might beget celestial sons. What more fitting than the wedding of the Sun and Moon? Logically enough, he brought from Carthage the image of Caelestis, or Urania, the Moon, gathered wedding gifts and a dowry for her from all his subjects, and established her by the Sun's side in the temple. (He himself, only a little less a god than his master, espoused a vestal virgin, to the horror and dismay of Rome.) The divine nuptials were celebrated by a procession that was the wonder of his times. The God's chariot was studded with gold and jewels; great umbrellas were fixed at each corner. "It was drawn by six white horses, and the reins were so arranged as to make it appear that the God himself was driving, while the horses were actually guided by the Emperor, running backwards . . . The streets were strewn thick with yellow sand powdered with gold dust, and the whole route was lined by the populace, carrying torches and strewing flowers in the path of the God." [1]

In his wildest humors and most immoderate caprices, Elagabalus was ever at pains to make no mock of

[1] Hay: *Heliogabalus*, 176.

religion. Though he would sometimes resort to violence to obtain the homage of priests of reluctant deities, he would attempt none of the insolences of Caligula, who threatened the statue of Jupiter with mechanical lightning. Caligula's presumption was carried so far, indeed, that he said to Jupiter: "One of us two must disappear!" Then, whispering for a moment in the deity's ear, his countenance cleared. "Jupiter has asked my pardon!" he announced to the awe-struck courtiers. Nor would Elagabalus have insulted the beliefs of others as did Hadrian, setting over the gates of rebuilt Jerusalem images of sneering swine. Nor, finally, would he have been capable of the blasphemies of Michael the Drunkard, Emperor of Byzantium, who would sally forth with his satellites dressed in the robes of the patriarch and the metropolitans, and would administer by force to passers-by the Holy Sacrament in the form of vinegar and mustard.

Elagabalus failed in his purpose to unite the worship of the Romans in that of his Master. A hundred years were to pass ere Constantine should succeed in a similar end, bringing Jehovah to sit on the throne of Baal, to be victor in the long struggle which had begun many centuries before in distant Canaan. We may speculate, if we will, on the turns this world would have taken had Elagabalus been strong enough to bring to pass his design. But he was too ready to waste his days and nights in folly, and, disastrously, he would not heed the admonitions of his grandmother, Maesa, and his aunt, Mammaea.

These vigorous women had set him on the throne; they felt that respect was due to their opinions. They argued with him that his devotion to the family deity

was harming him in the eyes of Rome; unpopularity in Rome might well lead to the taking-off of himself and the retirement of his kin to the provincial obscurity of Emesa. Elagabalus took a high tone with them, and the ladies, bridling, vowed his death and replacement by Mammaea's son, Alexander. After various turns of chance the business was arranged.

Elagabalus, I have noticed, had prepared cords of silk and swords of gold and poisons set in jewels for the time of his suicide. "He also built a very high tower from which to throw himself down, constructed of boards gilded and jeweled in his own presence, for even his death, he declared, should be costly and marked by luxury, in order that it might be said that no one had ever died in this fashion." [1] Alas, what a lesson to human vanity is contained in the manner of his death! According to Lampridius, when his grandmother gave the word he was attacked and slain in the latrinae; his body was then dragged through the streets and thrust into a sewer. The aperture proving too exiguous, the corpse was weighted and tossed into the Tiber from the Aemilian bridge.[2]

Thus perished Elagabalus, early in the year 222, at the age of seventeen. He was a precocious child, to have become the byword for sin to all succeeding times. Let us forget those old iniquities; whether real or imagined, they are in no wise novel or interesting.[3] Let us remember rather the gay and laughter-loving boy, playing his tremendous jokes, dancing through the Im-

[1] Lampridius.

[2] Dio Cassius says that he took refuge in a chest. Being dragged therefrom, he flung his arms about his mother, Soaemias, and the two were beheaded together.

[3] Sin is so restricted, as the Empress Theodora said.

perial palace, dancing through the little life he had.[1] And if you are of a mind for more serious reflection, you may think of him as one who failed by a little of making us all today sectaries of Baal, devotees of that happy deity, the Sun, of whom the first Prophet was to be the great, the good, the sainted Elagabalus.

[1] He used to dance not only in the orchestra but more or less also while walking, performing sacrifice, greeting friends or making speeches."—Dio Cassius.

BRUSQUET

BRUSQUET

THE jests of other days are calculated to provoke in us rather gaping amazement than sympathetic mirth. The critical study of dead jokes is a solemn business, out of which our only profit is a knowledge of the ancestry of ideas. Those volumes of facetiae over which our dim fathers bellowed their amusement are now become but materials for classification, examples for the history of strange humanity's behavior. One hears no laughter now in that dusty corner of the library stacks where are stored the little Renaissance jest-books, still grimy from the thumbs of the sixteenth century.

Only when the character of the special human individual is evident beneath the prescribed uniform of the Joker do we somnolent patrons of the past stir in our stalls of time's theater. Harlequin has been thwacking Pantaloon through many centuries, and little do we care, save when we perceive a face behind the mask, a man within the Pagliaccio, a Chaplin scampering through the deserts of Hollywood farce. Therefore we may rouse again in our chairs for some few moments while Brusquet puts on his act: Brusquet, court fool to three kings, and Postmaster of the City of Paris.

He first appeared among the troops of Francis I, quartered in Avignon, evidently in 1536. He presented himself as a doctor to the Swiss mercenaries and the

lansquenets, and his sense of humor getting the better of his discretion, his comic remedies sent them to their fathers thick as flies, while some few were cured by chance, says Brantôme.[1] This havoc among the soldiery being construed as a military menace, he was called before the commander, and sentenced to be hung. And this would have been the end of Brusquet, had it not come to the ears of the Dauphin, later Henry II, that this gallows-ripe quack was an infinitely diverting fellow. The jolly Dauphin esteemed a joke too highly to send jokers thus lightly to oblivion; he rescued Brusquet from the clutches of the Camp Provost, and appointed him his valet of the wardrobe. Brusquet's pleasantries were rewarded with the charge of valet de chambre to the prince; and Henry's favor made him finally Master of the Post of Paris.

The title was no empty one. It will be remembered that Louis XI had established the first organized system of posts, by his edict of 1464. Relay stations were instituted at four-league intervals on the great highways of France; hundreds of couriers and post-horses were enrolled in the service; the grand master of the post was one of the high counselors of the king. Louis' postal system was, to be sure, for the exclusive use of His Majesty and the princes his friends. By the mid-sixteenth century it had been extended to the service of private individuals, while it retained the monopoly of official transport. It will be plain that Brusquet's position was responsible, serious, and gainful, no task for a fool. He had commonly in his stables at least a hundred horses, wherefore he dubbed himself Cap-

[1] *Vie des grands capitaines,* I, cap. 32. Brantôme tells how he cured the Venetian ambassador of a windy colic, in a manner not fitting for chaste ears to hear.

tain of a Hundred Light Horse, and light horse they were indeed, says Brantôme, for lack of flesh and fatness. The rental charge of his horses being twenty sols a day for Frenchmen and twenty-five for Spaniards or other foreigners, and his poor jades doing often two stages a day, you may imagine if Brusquet came to be a rich man.

His avarice added to the gains of industry the product of a thousand laughable devices. In some prince's house where he had come by condescension, he would espy a fine silver basin or ewer, agreeable to his covetous eye. Then he would whip out his blade, and crying that the basin had insulted and defied him, he would engage it in a furious duel, and finally fall upon it and dispatch it in a very burlesque manner. Few were the lordlings whose dignity would permit them to halt him as he hustled out his victim wrapped in his cloak.

Wit and effrontery gained what would have been denied to laborious merit. The Cardinal du Perron, asserting that Brusquet had begun by the law, continues that he came to court for a lawsuit, in which he gained nothing by legal address, but resorting to buffoonery won his case. "Seeing that he had done more in a day by clowning than in all his life of pleading, he quitted his profession and became a clown, to his profit."[1] He accompanied King Henry to Brussels when, in 1559, the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis was signed with Philip II of Spain. Philip, somber though he was, took a liking to the merry rascal, and is said by some to have made him his own official jester.[2]

[1] *Perroniana*, 118.

[2] Cabanès: *Mœurs intimes du passé*, III, 347. I find no record of this appointment in the list of Philip's household. I think it unproven that any such post was awarded him. Cabanès reproduces the portrait of

At the great banquet given by the King to celebrate the conclusion of peace, at which festival the greatest of the lords were present, Brusquet provided a comic and profitable interlude. When the fruit had been served and ere the dishes had been cleared, Brusquet suddenly leaped upon the table of His Majesty, and seizing one end of the cloth, rolled rapidly the length of the board, regardless of the danger of cutting himself with the knives. Thus he rolled himself into a great bundle of the regal plate, and coming to the table's end, contrived somehow to stand upright and to make for the door in a manner that was the height of comicality. Philip, laughing extremely, and finding the performance witty, commanded that he should not be hindered in his escape. It was a matter of wonder that he was not at all wounded by the knives with which his clothes were larded. "Aussy Dieu aide aux fols et aux enfans."

The tale of his stratagems and devices is infinite. Those trickeries which the anecdotists of his time recount with greatest pleasure seem today not worth the repetition, being such sorry jests as the substitution of false gold chains for true ones. By promptly revealing his cheat he would save his spoils for himself, and would receive from the court the palm of wit in place of a summons to the gallows. Brantôme tells of the long strife between Brusquet and the Marshal Strozzi, a summary of which will reveal more of the lighter side of court life than do many of the genteel examinations of the learned.

Philip's dwarf by Antonio Moro (in the Louvre) as the semblance of Brusquet. This attribution seems unwarrantable. I have found no statement that Brusquet was a dwarf, or that he was ever in Spain. The stupid megalocephalic subject of Moro's canvas can hardly be fitted with the sly, sharp-witted Brusquet. The catalogues of the Louvre have been content to term the work "Dwarf of Philip II."

Pierre Strozzi, son of Philippe Strozzi and Clarice de Medicis, is one of the great names of French military annals. In his private life, says his biographer Torsay,[1] he was easy, agreeable, and facetious, "without however offending any person in deed or word. Thus was he generally loved by all those who had known and frequented him, and hated by none." He loved to laugh, to clown, and to frisk forth a quip, says Brantôme, and in Brusquet he found the worthiest of adversaries.

One day when the Lord Marshal in a fine mantle of black velvet with silver-worked sleeves, was bowing and bending before his sovereign, Brusquet stole up behind him, with a larding-pin and a provision of bacon-strips. Therewith he promptly larded the skirt of that noble cloak, and when the Marshal turned from his interview, Brusquet cried to His Majesty: "Sire, are not those fine golden aglets that my Lord Marshal wears in his cloak?" Loud laughed the King, the Marshal, and the standers-by, and Strozzi exclaimed: "Come, good Brusquet, an thou didst wish the mantle, take it, and tell my men to bring me another; but I vow to 'ee that thou shalt pay me this!"

A few days later, the Marshal came to Brusquet's house with a band of gentlemen, and among them a skillful locksmith. With a very honest and open visage he invited Brusquet to a stroll in the garden, but meanwhile he slyly pointed to the locksmith the chest where Brusquet kept the fruits of his rapine. While the Marshal and Brusquet conversed in the garden, the artisan had the chest open in a jiffy, passed the treasures to the gentlemen, who escaped with bundles of plate

[1] *Archives curieuses de France,* IX, 411.

under their cloaks, and clapped the strong-box shut again. Soon Brusquet came to the King with a very long face to tell of his misfortune. Thereupon the Marshal returned all but five hundred crowns' worth of his spoils, and this he gave to the locksmith, and all averred the prank a merry one.

Soon after, the Marshal was waiting again upon the King, and had left his fine blooded horse, worth five hundred crowns, with a rich silver-broidered housing, in charge of a lackey at the Louvre gate. Brusquet forthwith appearing sent the simple lackey on a wild-goose chase, took the charger to his posting-stable, cut off his mane and half of one ear, and sent him, in the wretched harness of his hirelings, on the post to Longjumeau. On his return the postillion, at Brusquet's bidding, rode him to the Marshal's palace, and addressed Strozzi in this tenor: "My lord, my master sends you his obeisance, and this your horse. He is very fit for the posting service, according to the trial I have made. My master bids me say that he will be pleased to buy your horse for fifty crowns." The Marshal made no answer but the lordly one: "Go, take him to your master, and bid him keep the nag until he founders."

It was not long before the Marshal sent a command to Brusquet for twenty post-horses; and some he rode until they dropped, and some he gave to certain poor foot-soldiers, and two he sold to a miller to carry flour. Brusquet's men, recognizing their steeds under the shameful burden of flour sacks, had them seized by justice; but the lawsuit cost their master more than the price of the horses. "So," concludes Brantôme, "Brusquet finally bought dear the horse of M. le

Mareschal; but 'twas all done with such laughter that one was like to die."

Brusquet soon found such games too costly for his purse. He invited the Marshal to a treaty of peace, and celebrated the signing by a banquet, to which a dozen gallants of the court were bidden. He promised them that he would find the matter for a feast in his own house. For the first service some thirty pasties were brought in, hot and savory, and well sauced with spice and cinnamon and even musk. Brusquet then excused himself a moment, while his guests, opening their pasties, found therein old bits of bridles, girths, cinch-straps, cruppers, breast-pieces, headstalls, studs, pommels and cantles. 'Tis said that some of those eager trenchermen had the tit-bits in their mouths before they found out the cheat; and then the spitting and cursing would have made you sick with laughter.

Next the Marshal, apparently without rancor, in his turn summoned Brusquet to dine. But first he had his men steal a pretty little donkey that was the pet of Brusquet's stable, and this ass he had skinned and prepared in cold pies and with hot sauces and in the manner of venison. Brusquet ate of all three, and heartily, for they were indeed delicate, and when he could swallow no more avowed that he had never better dined. "Wouldst see what thou hast eaten?" inquired the Marshal, and behold the head of the Brusquet's ass, garnished like a boar's head. Brusquet, so Brantôme avers, disgorged till he was near to expiring, through the revulsion of his stomach and especially for distress at the thought of having thus devoured "son pauvre petit mullet qu'il aimoit tant, et qui le menoit si doucement aux champs et à la ville et partout."

M. de Strozzi, we are told, amused the Queen by his droll description of the ugliness of Brusquet's wife. The Queen, curious to see such a wonder, bade Brusquet bring her to court. Brusquet, who had no liking for the game, assured Her Majesty that his wife was stone deaf, and the Queen would find no pleasure in her conversation. Her Majesty and the Marshal insisting, Brusquet, resentful, informed his wife that the Queen was deaf as a pot, and that she should shout and scream in the Queen's ear, or he would beat her well. Thus the courtiers were treated to a conversation in which Royalty and the goodwife bellowed to be heard in the lower court of the Louvre. M. de Strozzi attempted to check the beldame's yelling; but as Brusquet had warned her that the Marshal was even more deaf than the Queen, she put her mouth to his ear and outdid her efforts. The Marshal escaped and summoned a valet of the hunt who had his horn at belt, and him he commanded to trumpet in the good woman's ear until he should cry "holla!" He then addressed the Queen: "Madame, this woman is deaf, but I shall cure her." At his order the valet sounded lustily the stag-hunt calls in the dame's two ears, while the Marshal held her fast. And these blasts continued until she was deafened in ears and brain, so that for a month thereafter she could not hear the littlest word, until the physicians brought her relief, which cost Brusquet a pretty penny. Brusquet's troubles during these days, concludes Brantôme, were indeed a good lesson to him.[1]

Strozzi found Dame Brusquet a good stick with

[1] This trick of the two pretending deafness is ascribed to Bautru by Ménage (*Ménagiana,* II, 27), to Gonella, in the Court of Ferrara, and to Neithart the Minnesinger. (Flögel: *Geschichte der Hofnarren,* 306.)

which to belabor his witty enemy. Brusquet went to Italy in 1555 in the train of the Cardinal de Lorraine, who was on a mission to the Pope.[1] During his absence Strozzi so managed matters that a post-rider came to Paris with news of the death of Brusquet, bringing besides his master's testament, duly signed and witnessed. This document prayed the King to endow his widow with the continuance of his charge, but only on condition that she would straightway espouse the courier who brought the news. The King was pleased to find good this continuance and condition, supported as it was by the honorable Marshal. Madame Brusquet was apprised of the King's pleasure, and duly performed the obsequies of her spouse, published her grief for a fitting period, and wedded the courier, who had a good sum of crowns awarded him in the wedding contract. The happy marriage had lasted a month when Brusquet returned, and whether his wife was more surprised at his resurrection or he at the horns planted on his brow is a nice question. All the town buzzed with the tale of his neat cuckolding, but he, recognizing the humors of Strozzi, laughed out of the wrong side of his mouth, as you may well imagine.

Brusquet got some vengeance by means of a confidential letter which he wrote to the Cardinal Caraffe, to warn him that Strozzi, out of humor with King Henry, had seized two galleys in Marseilles harbor, and had set sail for Algiers, there to deny his faith and take the turban of Mahomet. The fiery Marshal, so the letter set out, had vowed to seize and burn Civita Vecchia and

[1] This fact is corroborated by that sweetest of poets, Joachim du Bellay. The 111th sonnet of his *Regrets*, written from Rome, begins:

Brusquet, à son retour, vous racontera, Sire,
De ces rouges prélats la trompeuse apparence.

Ancona, and to pillage the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto and raze it to earth. The Cardinal took fright at this news, and conferred with the Pope, who sent soldiery post-haste to save his children from the demoniac warrior. This shaft of Brusquet's, however mortifying to another, wounded Strozzi not at all, for the Marshal was a godless man who recked nothing of the Pope's favor on earth or in limbo.[1]

I shall tell no more of Brusquet and Strozzi, as these robustious Renaissance humors are quickly exhausting to an age that laughs by preference at fine-spun cobweb witticisms. The curious may read of more such gayeties in Brantôme, or they may turn to the *Œuvres facétieuses* of Noël du Fail [2] for the good tale of Brusquet sending a funeral procession for the body of a Bishop, only to find him still fresh and hearty, or to Henri Estienne's *Apologie pour Hérodote* [3] for another good quip.

Brusquet's prosperity came to a sad end. Under Francis I, Henry II, and Francis II he had prospered, and he came complacently enough to the accession of Charles IX in 1560. His son-in-law turned Huguenot, and in that day of suspicion and denunciation the malevolent required no further proof of apostasy. He

[1] Read of his dying blasphemies in Vieilleville's Memoirs. (Petitot coll. XXVII, 356.)

[2] Ed. 1874, II, 309.

[3] II, 18. I think this may be here appended for the pleasure of those in whom proficiency in foreign tongues has destroyed the susceptibility to corruption of the vulgar. The king was hard pressed for funds, and therefore Brusquet came to him with the proposal that all the beds of all the monks in the realm be sold to the profit of the royal treasury. "Le Roy luy ayant demandé où coucheroyent les moines quand ils n'auroyent plus de licts, il respondit:—'Avec les nonnains.—Mais il s'en faut beaucoup qu'il y ait tant de nonnains que de moines,' répliqua le Roy. A quoy il eut aussi sa responce toute preste:—'Il est vray, sire: mais chacune nonnain en logera bien pour le moins demie douzaine.'"

was accused of subtracting edicts against the Huguenots from the postal bags; his house was pillaged, and he was forced to flee. He took refuge with madame de Bouillon in Noyant, and later with madame de Valentinois, notorious to history as Diane de Poitiers, in the castle of Anet, near Dreux. These gallant ladies received him gladly, in memory of good King Henry. But Henry was dead, and the Marshal Strozzi as well, and in those stern and bloody days his jests could not lighten the grim visages at court. He wrote a pitiful letter to the son of Strozzi, begging for his intercession at court, on account of the great friendship which had united the writer with the Marshal Strozzi. Soon after, however, he died at Anet, in 1562 or 1563.

We may draw various lessons from the life of jolly Brusquet. We may take him as an example of that inequity of human life which rewards the buffoon with the prizes refused to honest worth. We may regard him as an illustration of the insecurity of that prosperity that depends upon the favor of kings. We might, again, in the modern manner, probe, analyze and windily speculate upon his character, imagaining his trials of spirit since he, a clever fellow and a doctor (or else a lawyer), must clown it before the court to hold his employment. We might draw no moral at all, and that I take to be the wisest procedure.

JAN BAPTISTA VAN HELMONT

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ONE has but to look in one's textbook in Elementary Chemistry to find a tribute to Jan Baptista van Helmont. To him we render honor as to the founder of pneumatic chemistry, for he first established the principle that our atmosphere may be invaded by windy spirits distinct in kind from air. These spirits he christened with the barbaric name of Gas. In the field of physiology likewise his investigations revealed for the first time the mysteries of the chemistry of digestion. In alchemy as well his discovery of the philosopher's stone, which converted 2000 times its weight of mercury into gold, bade fair to revolutionize the metallurgy and economics of his time. A survey of his life and thought will expose to us the method of the great Scientist, and will display the working of that inward Archeus which alone can guide the investigator through his experiments to Truth.

He was born in Brussels in 1577, of a gentle family. Entering the University of Louvain at the age of seventeen, he turned first to the study of surgery, against his family's desire, for Surgeon was still, in popular consideration, hyphenated with Barber. He soon abandoned such mean studies, and transferred to philosophy. The speculations of philosophy seemed to him nugatory and unfruitful, although he drew some profit from Martin del Rio's disquisitions on magic. "Comperi, me litera inflatum," he cries; "I learned that I was

blown up with letters, and, as though I had eaten that Forbidden Apple, I was openly naked, beyond that I had learned to dispute in artificial manner."[1] He deserted philosophy, and vowed himself for a space to mathematics. Discovering the insufficiency of that study, he turned to astronomy, and that also he found to be vanity. Having completed his course, he refused to take his degree of Magister Artium, for, says he, his Professors would fain befool him, making him a Master of the seven Arts, when he was not yet truly a pupil of any one.

In this parlous pass he found no recourse but prayer. Having prayed, he lay down to dream, for in dreams were the problems of his life, as the problems of chemistry, revealed. He dreamed that he had become a great bubble of water, whose diameter subtended the space between earth and heaven; beneath him yawned an abyss; above him hovered a coffin. From this vision he concluded that one might not utter the name of Jesus without the special grace of God, and that only in a stoic life of prayer and fasting might he find salvation. He concluded further that he should make systematic botany the subject of his special study. We find him soon, however, deeply engaged in the study of the law. Abandoning law, he returned to his first predilection, medicine. With such energy did he follow his bent that, according to some authors, he received his Doctorate at the age of twenty-two.

He was already an iconoclast and an anti-scholastic. Recognizing the poverty of man's reason, he came to know that his understanding would profit more by celestial imagination than by logic-chopping. There-

[1] Theophilus Spizelius: *Infelix literatus,* 844.

Johann Baptista van Helmont
Dis ist der Helle Mond zu Lehre von Ärtzneyen;
Zu langer Lebens Frist: von Kranckheit zu befreyen.
Eröffnet die Natur biß auf den tiefsten Grund,
Komm höre was Er sagt der Warheit Helle Mund.

Jan Baptista van Helmont

fore, to resolve a medical problem, his method was to form a picture or phantasy of it in his mind. He would then eat heavily, to aid his hypnagogy, and would dream through to a solution, for *nox nocti indicat scientiam.* And if, as often, the dream was troubled and inscrutable, through prayer he would come to its fit interpretation.

Having thus discovered truth's own road to truth, he abandoned gladly all his books and instruments, divided his inheritance among his sisters, and set off to examine the world. Ten years he spent in wanderings, of which we have no knowledge save that, according to his own recollection, he was highly honored by Queen Elizabeth of England, and was by her bidden to a court festival which lasted from three in the afternoon until three o'clock of the following morning. It was during this Odyssey that he returned to his practice of medicine, once so contemned. Moved by the plight of sufferers from the Pest, he went to offer his services to the afflicted. As soon as they looked upon him, new life was restored to them. From this he concluded that God wished to convey His grace upon him, making him an adept of celestial wisdom, especially chemistry. He flung away all the books of writers upon this branch of philosophy, and through experiment and vision he came in two years to a profound knowledge of the subject.

Of his chemical proficiency this recorder confesses his incompetence to judge. He turns to the Lectures on the History of Physiology, by Sir M. Foster, K.C.B., M.P., M.D., D.C.L., Sec.R.S.,[1] who speaks of him as "a patient, careful, exact observer, a child of the new

[1] Cambridge, 1901.

philosophy, one who has entered fully into the spirit of the new physics, who watches, measures and weighs, who takes advantage of the aid of instruments of exact research, who reaches a conclusion by means of accurate quantitative estimations." Sir M. Foster quotes as an example of his quantitative method his experiment to prove that all vegetables are produced immediately and materially out of the single element of water. In an earthen vessel he placed 200 pounds of earth dried in an oven; therein he placed a willow weighing 16 pounds. After five years the willow weighed 169 pounds, and the earth (after again being dried) 200 pounds less two ounces. As the earthen vessel had been closed with an iron lid coated with tin, and as only rain or distilled water had penetrated to its interior, the additional weight of the tree was derived from water alone. This conclusion, irrefutable as it may appear, is, I believe, contested by modern chemists for reasons of their own.

Chiefly, however, his fame is to be preserved for his discovery of Gas and Blas, "two new terms introduced by me because a knowledge of them was hidden from the ancients." By Gas he meant what is today termed carbonic acid gas, or carbon dioxide. It is essentially a form of water. "The gas of salts is water. That the gas of fruits is nothing but water follows from what I have already shewn, namely, that these arise from water. A dried grape, submitted to distillation, is thereby reduced by art to elemental water, whereas a grape fresh but uninjured gives rise to must and gas. Since therefore the whole grape in the absence of ferment is turned into water, but gives rise to gas whenever a ferment is applied, it follows of necessity that

the gas is itself water." Indeed, there are but two elements, air and water, and the gas of water is wholly different from air. "That all vegetables and flesh consist of water alone I can prove by experiment. Everything indeed, if not directly, at least with the help of an adjunct, can be made to assume again the nature of water. All stones, rocks and mud, either of themselves, or with assistance, change into alkaline salt; and all sal alkali, fat being added, is reduced to a watery liquor which at length becomes plain and simple water." [1]

Blas is more difficult to determine experimentally. It is "an invisible spiritual or at least immaterial agency or energy which directs and governs material processes and changes." There is many a Blas: the blas meteoron rules the heavens, and blas humanum the body of man. Man's blas is double, one involuntary, one voluntary; and man's sickness is due to the disorders of the blas, when it is inharmonious to the blas of the stars and planets. The blas humanum, with minor blases, its lieutenants, directs our digestions and all our inward chemistry. And in the study of the kitchens of our bodies, says Sir M. Foster, "van Helmont leaps ahead, and anticipates conclusions which were not reached until many a long year after him."

Not all of his conclusions have been supported by more recent judgments. For instance, he averred that the sensitive soul resides in the pylorus, the mouth of the stomach. "He gives various reasons for this conclusion; among others the facts that a great emotion is always felt at the pit of the stomach, and that a man may have his head blown off by a cannon-ball and yet

[1] Translation by Sir M. Foster. *Op. cit.*, 133.

his heart will go on beating for some time, whereas a severe blow at the pit of the stomach will stop his heart and take away his consciousness at the same time."

He combined his researches into chemistry and physiology with the practice of medicine, which he had once foregone as a diabolical deceit of the heathen Greeks. In the year 1617 he was divinely directed to undertake the reformation of this art. He prayed that God might take from him again the unwelcome talent so lodged in his keeping; but he was assured in a dream that his scruples were but secret pride and false humility. As he still hung reluctant, God was angered with him, and permitted Satan to sift him.[1] Zenith and Nadir and other luminaries of heaven were loaned to the devil, and with them was this faintheart tortured. "Ordo, cujus Zenith est domus Potestatum, & Nadir, caeteri ordines, me cepit gratis persequi, indignis technis." He submitted, and set to work upon his Ortus Medicinae, the Fountain-spring of Medicine.

Nor in the exercise of his craft upon the sick and afflicted was he idle. He tells us of some of his therapeutical triumphs, to which, despite the author's continuing fame, it is difficult to attach credence. He obtained from an Irishman named Butler a Universal Medicine, consisting of a stone which, when placed in olive oil, assumed such virtue that it would cure any disease by mere contact. It was the original substance of earth, the philosopher's stone. By its means he attained the end so long sought by all alchemists. The name of the stone was Drif.

Drif, for some reason, no doubt a dark one, was unable to cure the pest. Van Helmont learned from

[1] *Permisit cribrari a Sathana.*

Butler a specific with which to make good Drif's sole defect. One must capture a frog of an afternoon in June, hang it by the feet above the fireplace, and set a key of yellow wax beneath it. After three days the frog would cast up a bit of earth and a number of flies with greenish-gold wings; it would then die. This experiment having been performed, van Helmont pulverized the frog with its rejections, and formed the whole into pills of tragacanth; therewith he cured miraculously innumerable sufferers. His success was, indeed, so notable that, he asserts, numerous attempts to poison him were made by his fellow general practitioners of Vilvorde.

With the wide curiosity so characteristic of scientists of his time, he did not disdain to venture into other fields than his own. His observations on physical phenomena contain much that will astonish spectators of the docile Nature of our day. He himself witnessed several times a black box the size of a riding-boot leaping about in the oak groves with great crashings, and casting out a flame as of burning straw. Shortly after a heavy local shower would ensue. From this and other experiences he concluded that thunder is not a natural, but a supernatural phenomenon, of diabolical causation. He reports, though not *de visu,* another striking example of the devil's work. In 1554 in Cüringen near Liége a stroke of lightning carried away the church steeple, leaving no trace behind. Fourteen days later the grave-digger, performing his functions, struck his spade against the weather-cock. A band of diggers was assembled, the entire steeple disinterred, and the devil foiled. Again he tells us of the coat of St. Hubert, from which a snippet had been cut every year for

eight hundred years, and yet the blessed garment was undiminished.

He died on December 30, 1644, from a stitch in the side (how else may one render *Seitenstechen?*). His wife and four of his five children had anticipated him to death, notwithstanding all his medicaments. His surviving son, Franz Mercurius van Helmont, author of the *Cabbalah denudata,* made a name for himself in the two fields of alchemy and mystical theosophy. It appears that our scientist died in poverty, in the manner of scientists, despite his successes in alchemy, his popularity as a physician, and his possession of Drif.

It would, no doubt, be rash to make generalizations about the method of the scientist from the somewhat special experience of Jan Baptista van Helmont. His achievements stand on record; some of them, after three hundred years, are still considered to be right. Some of them are nearly right. And in those days it was none too easy for the scientist to be right, in the eyes of our experimentalists, who are happy if their rightness be not demolished within a lustrum. If aught may be learned from the methods of great investigators, it would seem not temerarious to suggest to our scientists that they supplement their laboratory technique by picturing their problems inwardly, eating an unusually heavy dinner, and retiring to their couches, there to dream through to a solution and—who knows?—to Truth.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART

SIR THOMAS URQUHART

SUNDRY profitable lessons may be drawn from the life and composition of that very prince and phœnix of translators, Sir Thomas Urquhart. Nice judges have declared that his Gargantua and Pantagruel stands with the King James version of Holy Writ to make the noblest pair of translations in our idiom. Most of us who are no arbiters of such mighty matters have been at one time or another rapt by the boisterous gayety of the Urquhart Rabelais, and have been sweetly stunned by his caterwauling orchestra of sound. For most translators are, as Sir Thomas himself would have it, but sottish and doting fresh-water sophisters, gouty limpards, and a thousand worse things, for they turn the strong brews of their originals into thin vinegarish liquors. And certain others, witty rogues indeed, have made the books they take in hand to render only a subject and a servant, which they have tricked out in new clothes of their own confectioning. But this did not Sir Thomas Urquhart, for he was in spirit the foster-brother of Rabelais, possessing all that bawdy curate's love of strange learning, drinking, fantastical speech, and immoderate laughter. We but open his translation to the prologue to the First Book, and read: "Most noble and illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious pockified blades—" We know straightway that the voice is the voice of Rabelais, granted a new transformation and metagrobolization into English speech.

Sir Thomas Urquhart merits the attention of the ingenious not alone as the inspired translator, who conferred upon his great original the gift of glossolalia. "Most fantastical of Scotsmen," in the words of Charles Whibley,[1] he arouses in the contemplative spirit many a rumination on the ends of man, on the employment of natural gifts, and on that unnoticeable watershed which divides the oceans of truth and of error. And in these days when the most petty trifles of past times are rescued out of oblivion to be again conned over, we are to be excused for examining once more his original pieces, and especially his 'EKΣKYBAΛΛTPON, or Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more Precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold.

The Rev. John Willcock, A.M., B.D., in the leisure of his manse in the Shetland Islands, has assembled the materials that remain for the life of this doughty Scot.[2] Sir Thomas himself made ample researches into his own ancestry, and wrote and published his ΠANTO-XPONANON, or Peculiar Promptuary of Time, containing the true pedigree and lineal descent of the most ancient and honorable family of Urquhart. Disdaining the obscurities from which most genealogists are willing to initiate their families, he traces the ancient and honorable Urquharts back to good red earth. "God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who were from all eternity, did, in time of nothing, create red earth; of red earth, framed Adam; and of a rib out of the side of Adam, fashioned Eve." After which creation, plasmation, and formation, in the first year of the world and in the year 3948 B.C., Adam, surnamed the Proto-

[1] *Studies in Frankness.* London, 1898.
[2] *Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty,* Edinburgh, 1899.

Sir Thomas Urquhart

plast, married Eve, and on her begot Seth. Thence, through a line numbering such illustrious names as Mahalaleel and Noah, these proto-Urquharts came to Japhet, to whose inheritance, as the world knows, befell all the regions of Europe. We can signal only a few of the great names in this pedigree: Penuel (*b.* B.C. 2219) builder of the tower of Babel; Esormon (*b.* B.C. 2139) "for his fortune in the wars, and affability in conversation, surnamed ὡροχάρτος, that is to say, fortunate and well beloved. After which time, his posterity ever since hath acknowledged him the father of all that carry the name of Urquhart." Later appeared Phrenedon (*b.* B.C. 1958), who was in the house of the Patriarch Abraham at the time of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; Termuth (*fl. ca.* B.C. 1623), the daughter of Pharaoh Amenophis, which found Moses amongst the bulrushes; Nicolia (*fl. ca.* B.C. 1049), by many supposed to have been the Queen of Sheba; Proteusa (*fl. ca.* 1019), who was sister of Eborak, founder of the city of York. In his time, observes the chronologist, "Scotland was named Olbion; afterwards by an Aeolic dialect termed Albion: the castle of Edinburgh built (for that Ethus king of the Picts did build it, is fabulous) and the promontories at Cromarty called the σωτῆρες, vulgarly Soters."[1] Nomostor (*b.* B.C. 389) was the first to settle permanently in Cromarty. His son, Astioremon, killed the outlandish King Ethus the first of the Picts in duel, before the face of both armies, "and gained the great battle of Farnua, fought within a mile of Cromarty; the reliques of that stranger-king's trenches, headquar-

[1] In proof of Sir Thomas's exactness, one may note that these are still today called the Suters.

ters, and castramentation of his whole army, being till this day conspicuous to any that passeth that way." We must not linger upon the vast deeds and virtues of other chieftains of the line; we may hardly note that all the Forbeses are but a mean branch of the Urquharts, and that Sir Jasper, agnamed Soldurio (*b.* A.D. 1041), had the dexterity, by a single touch of his hand, to cure the king's evil. We shall pause not even a moment to consider Thomas (*b.* 1476) who had five and twenty sons and eleven daughters. Let us come immediately to our Sir Thomas, agnamed Parresiastes, or Free of Speech.

He was born in 1611 to Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, a stout Church-of-England man, and to Christian his wife, daughter of the fourth Lord Elphinstone. At the age of eleven he entered the University of Aberdeen, and there obtained a sound training in Greek and Latin, physiology, arithmetic, astrology, and other polite branches. The Rev. Mr. Willcock has reproduced some of the statutes of the University, to acquaint us with the rigor of education in that century of genius. The students were forbidden to converse in any tongue but Greek or Latin, and to carry arms. All holidays had been abolished, with Scottish intransigeance.

While the boy was off at school, the laird his father in far Cromarty was wasting the family wealth. For this the son did not blame him. "By the unfaithfulness of some of his menial servants, . . . and falsehood of several chamberlains and bayliffs . . . and by the frequency of disadvantagious bargains, which the slieness of the subtil merchant did involve him in, his loss came unawares upon him, and irresistibly, like an armed man. . . . He thought it did derogate from the no-

bility of his house and reputation of his person, to look to petty things in matter of his own affairs." To restrain him from such lordliness, the sons confined him for the space of a week in an upper chamber, *tanquam in privato carcere.* The father brought a suit against his sons as a consequence of this laying on of violent hands. History has not recorded its outcome.

That our Thomas's mind was early bent toward profitable subjects we may judge from his own testimony. "There happening a gentleman of very good worth to stay at my house, who, one day amongst many other, was pleased, in the deadst time of all the winter, with a gun upon his shoulder, to search for a shot of some wild-fowl; and after he had waded through many waters, taken excessive pains in quest of his game, and by means thereof had killed some five or six moor fowls and partridges, which he brought along with him to my house, he was by some other gentlemen, who chanced to alight at my gate, as he entered in, very much commended for his love to sport; and as the fashion of most of our countrymen is, not to praise one without dispraising another, I was highly blamed for not giving my self in that kind to the same exercise, having before my eyes so commendable a pattern to imitate; I answered, though the gentleman deserved praise for the evident proof he had given that day of his inclination to thrift and laboriousness, that nevertheless I was not to blame, seeing whilst he was busied about that sport, I was employed in a diversion of another nature, such as optical secrets, mysteries of natural philosophie, reasons for the variety of colours, the finding out of the longitude, the squaring of a circle, and wayes to accomplish all trigonometrical calculations

by sines, without tangents, with the same compendiousness of computation,—which, in the estimation of learned men, would be accounted worth six hundred thousand partridges, and as many moor-fowles." The advantage of study over breakneck sport was well proved in the event. "That worthy gentleman, being wet and weary after travel, was not able to eat of what he had so much toyled for, whilst my braine recreations so sharpened my appetite, that I supped to very good purpose. That night past, the next morning I gave six pence to a footman of mine, to try his fortune with the gun, during the time I should disport myself in the breaking of a young horse; and it so fell out, that by [the time] I had given myself a good heat by riding, the boy returned with a dozen of wild fouls, half moor foule, half partridge, whereat being exceeding well pleased, I alighted, gave him my horse to care for, and forthwith entered in to see my gentlemen, the most especiall whereof was unable to rise out of his bed, by reason of the Gout and Sciatick, wherewith he was seized for his former daye's toyle."

During these young days he made his grand tour of the continent. He has left us little record of his deeds and reflections, less than we should like. We know that he disarmed in duel three calumnifiers of the name of Scotland, that he observed in Madrid a bald-pated fellow who believed himself to be Julius Caesar, and that he brought home a great store of books, "like to a complete nosegay of flowers, which, in my travels, I had gathered out of the gardens of above sixteen several kingdoms."

The troubles of the Covenant summoned Sir Thomas back to Scotland in 1639. Charles of England was

seeking to dress the Church of Scotland in the prelatical robes of his English church. In 1638 the lords, the lairds, and the ministers established the Covenant, which was to make the country, like Israel, a covenanted people against Babylon and her fornications. In this document the duty of the subject to defend his faith with the sword against his king was broadly hinted. Many demurred at such rebellious doctrine. The Scot has always followed his conscience, though it lead him on solitary paths with his back to expediency. Ere long four armies were in the field, defending, each against the others, King and Covenant, No King and No Covenant, King but no Covenant, and Covenant but no King.

This wide choice open to the patriot warrior offered not a moment's hesitation to the cavalier spirit of Sir Thomas Urquhart. He promptly plumped for the King his master against all his foes, and joined the King-and-no-Covenant party, the Episcopalians, the Malignants. He led a troop against the Covenanters, winning the battle of the Trot of Turriff, in which three men were killed. Fortune later withholding her gifts from the Episcopal cause, Sir Thomas sailed with other of the faithful for London, and there he was knighted by King Charles, in Whitehall Gallery, in the year 1641, on the 7th of April.

He returned to Cromarty only in 1645. There he passed several years, harassed by diabolical creditors. His composition was not one that could accommodate pecuniary concerns, and his soul was made subject to worldly circumstance. The fruits of the spirit were blasted by the cold winds puffed from usurers' mouths. "Above ten thousand severall times I have by these flagitators been interrupted for money . . . any one

time whereof I was busied about speculations of greater consequence than all that they were worth in the world; from which, had I not been violently pluck'd away by their importunity, I would have emitted to publick view above five hundred several treatises on inventions never hitherto thought upon by any."

Again and again in his works he returns to the villainies of these usurers, "quomodocunquizing clusterfists and rapacious varlets." In that poetical inscription set upon the great gate of the Abbey of Thélème, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the first book of Rabelais, he has translated, with almost inspired felicity:

> Here enter not base pinching Usurers,
> Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers,
> Gold-graspers, coine-gripers, gulpers of mists:
> Niggish deformed sots, who, though your chests
> Vast summes of money should to you affoard,
> Would ne'erthelesse adde more unto that hoard,
> And yet not be content, you cluntchfist dastards,
> Insatiable fiends, and Plutoes bastards.
> Greedie devourers, chichie sneakbill rogues,
> Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you rav'nous dogs.
>
> You beastly-looking fellowes,
> Reason doth plainly tell us
> That we should not
> To you allot
> Roome here, but at the Gallowes,
> You beastly-looking fellows.

The martyring of King Charles, on January 30, 1649, summoned all the leal-hearted once more to do battle. Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, a younger brother of the Earl of Seaforth, sounded a martial call upon his pibroch, proclaiming that he would seat Charles the Second upon his father's throne. Sir Thomas Urquhart

heard the call and became Mackenzie's second. The cavaliers, with the Clan Mackenzie for troops, took Inverness and razed its walls. The situation was considerably embroiled; the General Assembly, though it had permitted the sale of Charles I to Parliament for £200,000, was still royalist, and proclaimed Charles II king on condition that he would sign two Covenants. However, the Assembly could not permit Mackenzie to lay waste Scotland through a mere misapprehension of the Assembly's stand. He and his band were proclaimed rebels and traitors and an expedition sent against them. A composition was offered and effected by the Assembly, and in June of the next year Sir Thomas presented a supplication for pardon for his part in the insurrection. Evidently he was obliged to stand as a penitent before the congregation of the parish church of Inverness, and there confess his errors before the pinch-lipped Presbyterians whose "implacable obduredness and unreclaimability of nature" he had so often reviled.

Soon thereafter Charles the Second landed in Scotland; he signed the Covenants, and even those documents set before him which discredited his father and mother. Thus the suspicions were allayed of those who had opposed the too outright royalism of Sir Thomas Urquhart and the Clan Mackenzie. Scotland threw in its lot for King Charlie, and he was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651. Yet even in the midst of this effusion of loyalty, Sir Thomas and the old Malignants were not permitted to fight for their sovereign at Dunbar. Only after this defeat was he admitted to David Lesley's army, which he accompanied on its great invasion of the heart of England.

Macaulay's schoolboy would resent a summary of this campaign of 1651. Out of deference to that convenient brat I will then only record that Lesley, hotly pursued by Cromwell, advanced swiftly southward through Biggar, to Worcester, and there they were overtaken by Cromwell, and there a great and bloody battle was joined, issuing in the triumph of the Roundheads. Six thousand Scots were slain, and ten thousand made prisoner; Charles escaped to the Continent only after many perils.

In this battle Sir Thomas Urquhart bore an honorable part, and was, in its course, taken prisoner. He had made the long forced marches with the army, carrying, in lieu of rations, three large portmantles filled with folio manuscripts, amounting in all to six hundred forty and two quinternions, or, by another reckoning, above three thousand sheets, valued by the author at above three thousand pounds sterling. These were deposited in the house of Mr. Spilsbury, a Royalist sympathizer in Worcester. Into that house broke a pillaging band of Presbyterians, "a string or two of exquisite snaps, and clean shavers, if ever there were any." They pounced upon these papers, and "to every one of those their comerads, whom they met in the streets, they gave as much thereof, for packeting up of raisins, figs, dates, almonds, caraways, and other such like dry confections, and other ware, as was requisite: who doing the same themselves, did, together with others, kindle pipes of tobacco with a great part thereof, and threw out all the remainder upon the streets, save so much as they deemed necessary for inferior employments . . . Of these dispersedly rejected bundles of paper, some were gathered up by grocers, druggists,

chandlers, pie-makers, or such as stood in need of any cartapaciatory utensil, and put in present service, to the utter undoing of all the writing thereof, both in its matter and order." These papers given over to "the inexorable rage of Vulcan, to whom by a file of musqueteers it was consecrated, to afford smoak to their pipes of tobacco," comprised a complete Grammar and Lexicon of a Universal Language, of which only skeletal fragments remain.

With other Scottish gentlemen, he was confined in the Tower of London; ere long he was removed to Windsor Castle, and shortly after, at the solicitation of Roger Williams of Providence, in New England, was released on parole. During 1652 and 1653 his pen was busy; in these years he gave to the press his 'ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΑΥΡΟΝ, his ΠΑΝΤΟΧΡΟΝΑΝΟΝ and his Logopandecteision, or an Introduction to the Universal Language, and as well his great translation of the first two books of Rabelais' pentateuch.[1]

He made a vain journey to Cromartie in an effort to express some monies from his knavish creditors, who had foreclosed upon Cromarty castle. These unnatural boobies, having heard that he had been killed in the battle of Worcester, "for gladness of the tidings had madified their nolls to some purpose with the liquor of the grape."

And now I can tell you no more of his life. The dates of his literary fury bring him to 1653. And then we find the single note in the continuation of his Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the Family of Urquhart: "He went beyond seas, where he died suddenly in a fit of excessive laughter, on being informed by his servant

[1] The third book, found among his papers, was not published until 1693.

that the king was restored." Oh, what a noble ending was this for Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, agnamed Parresiastes!

Nor shall I speak of his mighty Rabelais. Of this the rare Charles Whibley, admirabilis Scotus, has so lauded the virtues in his introduction to the book [1] that he has preconvicted all successors of supererogation. And I shall pass without notice Sir Thomas Urquhart's Epigrams: Divine and Moral, and even his Trissotetras, "or, A most Exquisite Table for Resolving all manner of Triangles . . . with greater facility, then ever hitherto hath been practised." A just appraisal of this work is beyond our compass, for Trigonometricians who have examined it will have it that the wits of our day cannot understand, nor even read, its subtleties. No more shall be said of his Logopandecteision, or Introduction to the Universal Language. Unlike modern efforts in the same direction, Sir Thomas's idiom was to be incomparably rich, not bare, skimped, and pitiful. It would possess twelve parts of speech, ten synonyms for every word; eleven cases, eleven genders, and four numbers, to each noun; and four voices, seven moods, and eleven tenses, to each happy verb. "Every word in this language signifieth as well backward as forward, and however you invert the letters still shall you fall upon significant words, whereby a wonderful facility is obtained in making of anagrams."

In his Most Exquisite Jewel, Found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets, the Day after the Fight, his 'ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΑΥΡΟΝ, are his excellencies most relucent. It is, in brief, a vindication of the honor of Scotland, a celebration of a great number of glorious Scotsmen

[1] Rabelais. (*The Tudor Translations*), 1900.

who had illustrated themselves in arms, wit, and learning, from Spain to Muscovy. Among them all the Admirable Crichtoun of Cluny receives the most sounding of praises and the largest portion of space. And in what a matchless and hitherto unthought-of style is the whole recounted! Read, only read how Crichtoun, duelling with an Italian bravo, did posit his blade in geometrical flourishes that would rejoice the mind of any mathematician, and did finally so spit his adversary in three places that the joining of the wounds would make a perfect isosceles triangle. "And all he spoke was this, That seeing he could not live, his comfort in dying was, that he could not dye by the hand of a braver man: after the uttering of which words he expiring, with the shrill clareens of trumpets, bouncing thunder of artillery, bethwacked beating of drums, universal clapping of hands, and loud acclamations of joy for so glorious a victory, the aire above them was so rarefied, by the extremity of the noise and vehement sound, dispelling the thickest and most condensed parts thereof, that the very sparrows and other flying fowls were said to fall to the ground for want of aire enough to uphold them in their flight."

This is his strutting martial tone, wherewith he celebrates great deeds of might. Would you hear him in anger? Would you read such diatribes as Juvenal might have conned with profit, of which we have no sample in these soft-spoken days? I shall copy out his character of Master Gilbert Anderson, minister of the kirk of Cromarty, who, "for no other cause but that the said Sir Thomas would not authorize the standing of a certain pew in the church of Cromarty . . . did so rail against him and his family in the pulpit at

several times, both before his face, and in his absence, and with such opprobrious terms, more like a scolding tripe-seller's wife, than good minister, squirting the poyson of detraction and abominable falsehood (unfit for the chaire of verity) in the ears of his tenantry, who were the only auditors, did most ingratefully and despightfully so calumniate and revile their master, his own patron and benefactor, that the scandalous and reproachful words striving which of them should first discharge against him its steel-pointed dart, did, oftentimes, like clusters of hemlock, or wormwood dipt in vinegar, stick in his throat; he being almost ready to choak with the aconital bitterness and venom thereof, till the razor of extream passion, by cutting them into articulate sounds, and very rage itself, in the highest degree, by procuring a vomit had made him spue them out of his mouth, into rude indigested lumps, like so many toads and vipers that had burst their gall."

Not these clarion blasts alone could this Timotheus sound. Soft Lydian airs upon the breathing flute were as well within his power. Now I shall set down a part of his portrait of a certain proper young lady of whom the admirable Crichtoun was enamoured. "The eyes of the prince's thoughts . . . pryed into, spyed, and surveyed from the top of that sublimely framed head, which culminated her accomplishments, down along the wonderful symmetry of her divinely-proportioned countenance; from the glorious light of two luminaries, Apollo might have borrowed rayes to court his Daphne, and Diana her Endymion: even to the rubies of those lips, where two Cupids still were kissing one another for joy of being so near to the enjoyment of her two rows of pearles inclosed within them; and from thence

through the most graceful objects of all her intermediate parts, to the heaven-like polished prominences of her mellifluent and heroinal breast, whose porphyr streaks (like arches of the ecliptick and coloures, or azimuch and almicantar-circles intersecting each other) expansed in pretty veinelets (through whose sweet conduits run the delicious streams of Nectar, wherewith were cherished the pretty sucklings of the Cyprian goddesse) smiled on one another to see their courses regulated by the two nipple-poles above them elevated, in each their own hemisphere; whose magnetick vertue, by attracting hearts, and sympathy in their refocillation, had a more impowering ascendent over poetick lovers, for furnishing their braines with choise of fancy, than ever had the two tops of Parnassus-hill, when animated or assisted by all the wits of the Pierian Muses: then . . . "

Does one say that this style is high-puffed and intorticulate? Sir Thomas can leave his sublimities for the most engaging of familiarities. Speaking of a Scottish colonel who declined from Presbyterianism and became an obstinate and rigid Papist, he interjects, "It is strange my memory should so faile me that I cannot remember his title: he was a lord I know, nay more, he was an earl, ay that he was, and one of the first of them: Ho now! pescods on it, Crawford Lodi Lindsay puts me in minde of him; it was the old Earl of Argyle, this Marquis of Argyle's father: that was he, that was the man."

So you have Sir Thomas Urquhart; a valiant warrior for doomed causes, a searcher-out of unwanted learning, a conceiver of fantastic inventions, the Scottish incarnation of Rabelais, and over and above all the greatest word-maker and word-lover in the records of our

tongue. He was indeed a little mad; but he may be excused in the terms of Aristotle: Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae. He was too an honorable gentleman and a lover of virtue, as we can prove (thereby concluding this panegyric) with a snippet from his own description of himself. "To be masked with the vail of hypocrisy, he reputes abominable, and gross dissimulation to contrast the ingenuity of a free-born spirit. All flattering, smoothing and flinching for by-ends, he utterly disliketh, and thinks no better of adulatory assentations, than of a gnatonick sycophantizing, or parasitical cogging: he loves to be open-hearted, and of an explicite discourse, chusing rather by such means to speak what is true, to the advantage of the good, than to conceal wickedness under a counterfeit garb of devotion."

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON

MANY a great spirit has found lodgment in but a tiny tenement of clay. How said Plato—man has three souls: the spirit, or the nous, resides in the head, the thymos, emotion, dwells in the bosom; and in the trunk lives that base soul, the epithymetikon, which tends his grimy engine. And this epithymetikon, the only soul of most men, is a savage beast which must be fed so that the mortal race may persist.

How happy then are they of little bodies, in whom the epithymetikon with its gross machine requires a minimum of cubic displacement! Who would not resemble Philetas of Cos, grammarian, critic, and poet, and tutor of Ptolemy Philadelphus! If we are to believe Athenaeus,[1] he was obliged to attach balls of lead to his feet to keep the winds from blowing him away. Aelian[2] records that he is said to have worn soles of lead. Aelian—and we may applaud his critical acumen—doubts the report, advancing that one who could not withstand the wind could not have lifted leaden-soled boots. This Philetas in his amorous verse sang of the cruelties of his Battis, whose gusts of caprice blew him more fiercely than any wind. One is reminded of the learned and accomplished Count Boruwlaski, who pretended to the favors of a French actress, the toast of Warsaw, and was by her humiliated, only be-

[1] III, cap. 13.
[2] *Var. Hist.* IX, *cap.* 14, also X, *cap.* 6.

cause she misprized his thirty-five inches of stature. The Count was later more fortunate in love; but when he married, at the age of forty, he had attained the respectable height of thirty-nine inches. He lived to the age of ninety-eight, and, dying in 1837, was buried in Durham Cathedral.

Nature in her playful moods has always created dwarfs, midgets, and pigmies, to harass her giants and to inspire gratitude for her mercies in men of common stature. Let the medical faculties prate as they will of obstructions to the hormones in the endocrine glands; our business is wonder, not the reducing of wonder. Homer knew more truth than any journal of biological investigation, and Homer tells us of the pigmies who lived in houses built of egg-shells, and who sustained an annual battle with the cranes on the banks of the Ocean-sea. Hercules brought home to Erystheus a great quantity of pigmies in his Nemean lion's skin. They were so small that, in order to drink, they were forced to climb with ladders to the rim of Hercules' goblet. The Egyptians had a dwarf deity, Pthah-Sokari-Osiris. The Romans were fond of pigmies; they were under foot in many of the great houses of the later Empire. They commonly went naked, although bejeweled. According to Suetonius, the Emperor Augustus forgot his melancholy in playing with his human pets for nuts. These facts are copied out of that valuable contribution to homunculology, E. J. Wood's "Giants and Dwarfs" (London, 1868).

However, mere insignificance of stature constitutes no credit upon fame. Many a dwarf is but a lymphatic lackwit, or but an impertinent dandiprat. Only those should be memorable whose souls outsoar their frame,

Sir Jeffery Hudson

mens magna in corpore minimo. Such was that Mr. Ramus of whom Evelyn speaks in his Numismata, who accompanied the English ambassador to Vienna, and who "made a speech in Latin before his imperial majesty, with such a grace, and so much eloquence, as merited a golden chain and medal of the emperor." Alypius of Alexandria, logician and philosopher, whose eloquence drew away auditors from Iamblichus, was but one foot five and a half inches in height. Croesus, the wise king of Lydia, wrote of himself that Nature had made him deformed, crook-backed, one-eyed, lame of leg, and a dwarf. Ladislas Cubitalis, the pigmy king of Poland, outdid all his predecessors in glorious victories won. Richard Gibson, court dwarf to Charles the First of England, was an accomplished painter, and was drawing-master to the Princesses Mary and Anne, both destined to be queens of England. He married Anne Shepherd; the couple was rarely matched, each being three feet ten inches tall. Edmund Waller, court poet, wrote for them an epithalamium of a suitable daintiness:

Design, or chance, make others wive;
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.

In the same court of Charles the Martyr dwelt that most glorious of little men, Sir Jeffery Hudson. Though his stature was but eighteen inches, there was in him nothing of what we are agreed to call smallness, meanness, pettiness, qualities which distinguished even such mountainous men as Goliath and Polyphemus. He who did missions of trust for his Queen, who valiantly fought the Barbary pirates, who killed his man in the duel, defied the slighting intent of Nature and proved himself every inch (of his eighteen) a Man.

He was born in 1619 at Oakham, in Rutlandshire "the least man in England's least county." His father was keeper of the baiting-bulls of George, Duke of Buckingham, "a place you will say requiring a robustious body to manage it," says Fuller in his *Worthies of England*. His mother likewise was a strapping creature, and his brothers and sisters grew to normal stature. Only little Jeffery remained an elfin boy, to the admiration of the countryside. An old issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine*[1] preserves the record of a frolic in which he was employed.

"An old Gossip having invited some Tattle-Baskets to a Junketting Bout, some arch Wags stole her Cat *Rutterkin,* flead him, dress'd *Jeffrey* in his Skin, and convey'd him into the Room. When the Feast was over, and Cheese set upon the Table, one of the Females offer'd *Rutterkin* a Bit.—Rutterkin *can help himself when he is hungry,* said *Jeffrey,* and so nimbly made down stairs. The Women all started up in the greatest Confusion and Clamour imaginable, crying out, *A Witch, a Witch, with her talking Cat!* But the Joke was soon after found out, otherwise the poor Woman

[1] *Gent. Mag.* (1732), p. 1120.

might have suffer'd for it, as two others in that County did, who were hang'd pursuant to the Sentence of those wise Judges *Hobart* and *Bromley,* on Account of another *Rutterkin* charged with the Murder of the E. of *Rutland's* Children."

His father, a grateful servant of Buckingham, presented his remarkable son, when about eight years of age, to the Duchess, and she received him with honor, dressing him in satin and setting two tall men to wait upon him. Shortly thereafter His Majesty and Queen Henrietta Maria came to Burghley on the Hill to pay a visit to the royal favorite. At dinner a cold baked pie was set before the Queen; the crust was cut, and little Jeffery stepped forth. The Duchess then offered him as a present to the Queen. Her Majesty, delighted with this elegant conceit, received him into her service, and there he remained until a certain dark day during her exile in France.

Those who hold to a belief in the importance of parallels, analogies, and influences, may find the origin of the Duchess of Buckingham's human pie in the medieval custom of serving armed men in a great pasty. The whimsy of thus surprising guests by the spectacle of life in death would occur to any impresario of novelties. I have told how the Romans served yellow pigs in the Troan fashion; when carved, hot sausages tumbled out and thrushes flew away singing. Another Roman served on a great fish-platter a dancing-girl garnished with lemons and sauces. I cannot remember his name. The Count Oginski about 1760 dished the dwarf Count Boruwlaski from a soup-tureen.

Young Jeffery received much cherishing at court,

more, indeed, than was for his good. "He lived in great plenty," says Fuller, "wanting nothing but humility (high mind in a low body), which made him that he did not know himself, and would not know his father; and which by the King's command caused justly his sound correction." Many a prank of Jeffery's cheered that unhappy court. He scraped acquaintance with Pug, Her Majesty's monkey; the two became great friends. To the contrary, his testy temper found cause for jealousy of William Evans, the court Giant, seven and a half feet tall. Yet the two figured together in an antimask; the giant, after some lumbering dancing-steps, drew little Jeffery from one pocket and a loaf of bread from the other; he then made the pretense of eating the homunculus as a piece of cheese to his bread.

Those who remember Gulliver will picture the perils that beset a knee-high being in a world proportioned for vasty men. Once he was well-nigh drowned in a basin as he was washing his face and hands. Again, he had been blown into the Thames had he not clung to a handy shrub. His life contained, however, its compensations. "The Ladies were very fond of him," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*. "He could make married Men Cuckolds without making them jealous, and Mothers of the Maids, without letting the World know they had any Gallants."

His intelligence must have come early to maturity. In 1630 he was sent by the Queen to France to bring back to her a skilled French midwife. He fulfilled his task with uncommon perspicacity for a dwarf of eleven years; the Court of France, delighted with England's ambassador, showered upon him presents to the value of 2500 pounds, and the French queen, Marie de Médicis,

entrusted him with rich presents for her royal daughter.

He was less successful in his mission than was that other diplomatic midget, Richebourg, who died in 1858 at the age of 90 and at the height of 23½ inches. When young he had been in the service of the Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of Louis Philippe. After the first revolution broke out he was employed to carry despatches abroad, by a sufficiently ingenious method. The despatches were concealed in his cap, and a nurse dandled him all the way to the foreign capital.

On Jeffery's return to England in charge of the midwife and of his Queen's dancing-master, his vessel was boarded by Dutch privateers, and valiant Jeffery taken prisoner, despite his struggle against overwhelming odds. A libelous poem of Sir William Davenant's, *Jeffereidos, on the Captivity of Jeffery,* would have it that our hero, loth to be abused,

> Resolv'd to hide him, where they sooner might
> Discover him, with smelling than with sight,

to wit, beneath a pewter candlestick. Such craven-heartedness accords ill with all we know of Jeffery. The trait, with the other manifest exaggerations of the poem, may be ascribed to some carking jealousy of the noble author. He would have us believe, further, that Don Diego, the captain of the privateer, suspected our little man of espionage.

> This that appears to you a walking Thumbe
> May prove the gen'ral Spie of Christendome.

Sir William does at least the justice to figure Jeffery as answering his captor with honorable stoutness:

One faine would know's descent: Thou Pirat-Dogge
(The wrathful Captive then reply'd) not *Ogge*
(The Bashan King) was my Progenitor;
Nor did I strive to fetch my Ancestor
From *Aneck's* Sonnes, nor from the Genitals
Of wrastling-*Cacus,* who gave many falls.

The poet, yielding to the temptations of burlesque, then describes a comical-heroical battle with a turkey-cock, from whose talons Jeffery was happily delivered by the French midwife. The ode does not lack poetical beauties, nor elegance in the turning of such lines as these:

Strike up the wrathful Tabor! and the Githern;
The loud Jew's-trump! and Spirit-stirring-Cittherne!

Having escaped by the agency of the governor of Calais, Sesquipedal Jeffery returned crestfallen to his mistress. His sage-femme arrived too late to preside at the birth of Charles the Second, who was thus perforce ushered into the world by an English midwife. None the less, Jeffery was restored to favor. His portrait was twice painted by van Dyke, as in attendance upon the Queen. He was commonly dubbed Sir Jeffery, but, as our researches fail to reveal a record of his knighting, we may conjecture that his title was but one of courtesy.

During these troubled years he was never seduced by Roundhead reasonings. He was by his Queen's side when, in 1643, she made her glorious landing at Burlington Quay, under the guns of the Parliament ships, and led her force of loyalists to Oxford. He was with her still in the evil days of '44, when she fled to France and cast herself on the mercy of her kingly cousin. It

was during her progress from the baths of Bourbon to Paris that the disaster of his life fell upon him, when he was undone by valor.

The Queen was lodged in the palace of the Dukes of Nevers, now the Hôtel de Ville of that city. Young Mr. Crofts, brother of that Lord Crofts who was captain of the Queen's life-guard and master of her horse, teased little Jeffery with a heaviness ill consonant with the subject of his jest. Jeffery responded to the slur in the only manner suitable to a captain and a man of honor; he challenged his molester to a duel. Young Crofts, evidently a malapert as well as a bully, answered the cartel by appearing at the rendezvous armed only with a squirt-gun. One may well picture the rage that shook the small body of Jeffery. He demanded the fullest satisfaction for the affront; a duello with pistols from horseback.

Swaggering Crofts accepted; horses were brought to the shady park that still lies below the ducal palace, and there Jeffery furioso, drawcansir Jeffery, shot his antagonist dead.[1]

The matter caused no small pother; duels to the death were sternly frowned upon in France. Jeffery was cast into prison, and was only released on the intercession of Henrietta Maria herself. Her cajoling letter to *Mazarin,* still preserved in the French archives, is thus conceived:

Cousin,

I wrote to the queen, my sister, about a misfortune which has happened to my house, of Geoffrey, who has

[1] This affair took place in 1644; the Dictionary of National Biography errs in setting it in 1649.

killed Croft's brother. I have written the whole affair to the commander, in order that you may hear of it. What I wish is, that as they are both English, and my servants, the queen my sister will give me authority to dispose of them as I please, in dispensing either justice or favor, which I was unwilling to do, without writing to you, and asking you to assist me therein, as I shall always do in all which concerns me, since I profess to be, as I am, cousin,

Your very affectionate cousin,

HENRIETTA MARIA R.

Nevers, October 20th, 1644.

From this time on we have but little exact information of our hero's career. He was evidently imprisoned for a time, and released probably in accession to his Queen's supplications. He served gallantly in the Civil Wars, with the commission of captain in the King's Cavalry. One would wish to have more information about his horse. He was twice taken prisoner by Barbary pirates, was sold as a slave among those pagans, and suffered much indignity of body and spirit. He himself states that at the age of thirty, when held in slavery, his stature suddenly rose from eighteen inches to three feet nine, as a result of the hardships he experienced. At this unsatisfactory height, neither man nor midget, he persisted until his death. Being ransomed, he returned to England, and lived quietly in the country, on the bounty of the Duke of Buckingham and other persons of quality. We find indeed records of allowances from His Majesty himself. We can imagine him telling many a high tale to the gaping peasants

of court gallantries, in the days ere the corsairs' cruelty had robbed him of his title to esteem.

His end was not to be untroubled. In 1679, when the Popish Plot set England by the ears, he was arrested, for it was well known that he professed the errors of the Bishop of Rome. He was confined in the Gate House at Westminster for well-nigh three years. Sir Walter Scott, in a spirited chapter, describes his meeting there with Julian Peveril. He was at length released, and died in 1682 in the sixty-third year of his age. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford are still preserved his waistcoat of blue satin, slashed and ornamented with pinked white silk, and his breeches and stockings in one piece of blue satin.

By his example may we all learn to affront ill fortune. Which of us has not his defect, his stunting of this sort or that, his physical or moral wen? Jeffery, a changeling child of the world, was not dismayed nor shamefaced nor embittered by his inferiority to mankind. He made no attempt to conceal his deformity, as the world chose to judge it. On the contrary, he made an extremely good living out of it.

FRANÇOIS-TIMOLÉON DE CHOISY

FRANCOIS-TIMOLÉON DE CHOISY

FRANCOIS-TIMOLÉON DE CHOISY, Prior of Saint-Lô of Rouen, of Saint-Benoist-du-Sault and of Saint-Gelais, Member of the Académie française, sometime Abbé of Saint-Seine in Burgundy and Arch-Dean of the Cathedral of Bayeux, author of an edifying History of the Church, the Lives of David, Solomon, and Saint Louis, a Journal of a Missionary Voyage to Siam, and of many books of piety for young catechumens, would have today a sweeter reputation had he not so persistently played the coquette in woman's attire.

He himself attributed his taste for gowns, petticoats, furbelows and falbalas to his mother, Mme de Choisy, the confidante of Mlle de Montpensier, the Great Mademoiselle, cousin of King Louis the Fourteenth. "My son," she would say, "be not prideful, and bethink you that you are but a bourgeois. True, your fathers have been Masters of the Requests, and Councillors of State; but in France one recognizes only the nobility of the sword. Our nation, given to warfare, has put its glory in its arms; therefore, my son, that you may be not prideful, never see any but quality folk. Go pass the evening with the little Lesdiguières, the Marquis de Villeroy, the Comte de Guiche; you will early accustom yourself to complaisance, and there will linger in you all your life an air of civility which will make all people love you." The child quarreled with the young

Duc d'Albret, the future Cardinal de Bouillon. His mother, learning of the tiff, cried out, "What! The nephew of M. de Turenne! Quick, run to him, or quit my roof forever!" Again she gave her son wise counsel, bidding him always cleave to the strongest, to the King himself: "My son, there is nothing like the trunk of the tree."

She was a master-woman, "une maîtresse-femme," according to her son's tribute. Jean Mélia, in his compendious work on the Abbé,[1] sets down many a testimony to her charm and wisdom. Beauchasteau could scarce conceive her a mortal woman:

> Quand je me ressouviens de vos charmants discours,
> J'ai peine à concevoir que vous soyez mortelle.

Somaize and others tell of the beauty of her spirit; Segrais records that without study or reading she spoke and wrote divinely well. Tallemant des Réaux, a less lyric observer, reports rather the outrightness of her speech and the great-lady unconstraint of her manners. One day a tart was set on her table; she ate her fill of it, then said to her guests, "Hold, there is some remaining; eat it, if you will." Little Gramont entering her house followed by lackeys in finery, "Jesus!" she exclaimed, "a pimp so well turned out! 'Tis a good trade then!" Others of her conceits and pleasantries, as Tallemant relates them, would offend the virtuous and excite the reproof of the censorious.

Her adjuration to her son to cling to the trunk of the tree proceeded from her own dealings with the world. In an audience with King Louis she said to him, "with

[1] *L'Étrange existence de l'abbé de Choisy*, Paris, 1921.

hardihood akin to effrontery," in her son's phrase, "Sire, if you would become a proper man of the world, you must see me often." Indeed, he did her a thousand friendly acts, endowing her with a pension of eight thousand livres, or francs; to the august bounty, says the abbé d'Olivet, she was not insensible.

Her cherishing of greatness was to determine the singularity of her son's character. It will be remembered that the Cardinal Mazarin, minister during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, bore an unhappy recollection of the long and bloody broils between Louis the Thirteenth and his brother, Gaston of Orléans. The wily Italian intended that the reign of his charge should not be so troubled by the jealousy of the younger brother, Philippe, Duke of Orléans, known more generally as simple Monsieur. The Cardinal's plan revealed an astuteness that would have done honor to a modern specialist in child training. He arranged that the boy should be feminized, that uneasy thoughts of war, ambition, and the sweets of power should be stilled in his bosom. Monsieur was taught to cultivate girlish graces, and in his teaching Mme de Choisy proved a devoted mistress, using her son as a small instrument of churchly diplomacy. "I was dressed as a girl," says Choisy, "every time that little Monsieur came to our house, and he came twice or thrice a week. I had my ears pierced, and wore diamonds, patches, and all the little gew-gaws to which one becomes easily used and which one parts with so hardly. Monsieur, who loved all that, showed me boundless friendship.

"As soon as he arrived, followed by the nieces of the Cardinal Mazarin and some of the Queen's maids, he was put to his toilette and his hair dressed; he had

broidered stays to conserve his figure. His doublet was removed and woman's gowns and petticoats put on him, and this was done, so they said, by order of the cardinal. . . . When Monsieur was dressed and adorned, one played at Little Prism, the game in fashion; and at about seven the collation was brought, but no servants appeared. I would go to the door of the chamber to fetch the dishes and I would put them on little stands about the table: I would pour drink, and I was sufficiently paid by some kisses on the brow with which the ladies honored me."

The cardinal's policy found brilliant justification in its results. Monsieur's feminine graces charmed the court throughout his life. He constantly painted his cheeks, and would dress in women's clothes at every opportunity. He loved to be with women, to dress them and do their hair, but he was never held to be a menace to their virtue. He did indeed manifest the old warlike vigor of his line, winning the battle of Cassel, though grieving his troops by leading them with his hair cued and curl-papered.

The sight of her son in maidenly tire pleased Mme de Choisy. She kept him thus accoutered until his eighteenth year, "through a false tenderness," as he afterwards concluded. From the age of five or six, she had his face rubbed daily with a certain lotion, by virtue of which no hair ever sullied his beauty. "From my childhood," he says, "stays were put upon me which bound me very close and raised up my flesh, which was plump and round. I also took very good care of my neck, which I would rub every evening with calf-water and sheep-foot pomade, which render the skin soft and white." Nutmeg and cloves, drugs exciting to turbu-

lence, were banished the house. From the age of ten he served in some sort as his mother's secretary, being thus initiated into the mysteries of politics and the intrigues of the court. "This," he says, "was of great advantage to me and was destined to form my character."

She found little difficulty in the choice of her son's career. His readiness of wit and urbanity of manner destined him clearly for the tonsure. He was therefore named abbé of Saint-Seine in Burgundy on January first, 1663, when he was aged eighteen years and eight months. Shortly afterwards he sustained his thesis in the Sorbonne, being opposed by the abbé Le Tellier, the shouting abbé. "I shouted as loud as he," testifies Choisy, "and whether I was right or not, the Doctors beat on their stalls and imposed silence upon him."

Though he visited his cure, he continued to dwell in Paris, restricting his ecclesiastical duties to the drawing of his revenues. A few months after receiving his abbacy, he journeyed to Bordeaux, and there engaged himself as an actress. "I played in the comedy for five months as a girl, and every one was deceived. I had suitors to whom I accorded little favors, though I was much reserved about great ones; there was much talk of my modesty. I enjoyed the greatest pleasure that one can taste in life."

His mother died in 1666; the abbé wept her, and chose as his share of the inheritance her jewels, ear-pendants, rings, and diamond crosses. "I was rapt with joy to possess the jewels wherewith to deck myself and play the belle." About 1668 he was bidden to the ball of Monsieur, his childhood's playmate. "Monsieur would have much desired to be able to dress as a woman, but he dared not because of his dignity; princes

are imprisoned in their grandeur. In the evenings he would put on a mob-cap, ear-drops and patches, and would gaze long at himself in mirrors, amid the incense of his admirers. He gave every year a great ball on Shrove Monday. He bade me come to it in a sweeping gown, unmasked, and he charged the chevalier de Pradine to lead me in the coranto. The assembly was very fine; there were thirty-four women, tricked out with pearls and diamonds. I was much praised; I danced to the last perfection, and the ball was made for me."

Yet a manly heart beat beneath the silken bodice. Though his ecclesiastical rank dispensed him from warlike service, he accompanied his king to the Flanders wars in 1667; he was at the siege of Orsoy and at Condé's passage of the Rhine; he served at a field-mass before His Majesty. He then returned to Paris, doffed the cuirass for stays of whalebone, and beat his sword into a lorgnon.

He seems, in these days, to have dressed mostly in the guise of a gallant abbé, with ear-pendants and beauty-patches. And if such trickings may appear to some in ill accord with ecclesiastical dignity, we must recall that he was an *abbé commandataire,* having taken only a preliminary vow and having received the tonsure, as the Church strictly required of those who were to receive its revenues. He was not alone in hesitating to abjure the world's vanities. Saint-Simon tells us of the abbé d'Entragues, who "preserves the whiteness of his complexion by frequent bleedings and who sleeps with his arms tied above him to have the more beautiful hands, who receives visitors sitting in bed, dressed like a reliquary, with a lace mob-cap, many topknot-ribands, a ladder of ribands on his stays, a flounced bed-cloak,

and beauty-patches." François de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, was said by common bruit to have yielded to the remonstrance of authority by reducing the number of his mistresses to three. The fearless Fléchier, in one of his great sermons, berated the Bishop of Clermont for giving balls in the bishopric, for dressing in garments cut of episcopal purple in the latest modes of the court, and for setting unholy conditions on marriages he performed, while in his diocese a scapegrace priest carried a rabbit-gun with the Holy Sacrament as he journeyed to distant farms. Taine records that in the following century the abbé de Saint-Germain installed a dancer, Mlle Leduc, to preside as hostess in his abbacy.

The abbé de Choisy, mincing in his finery, called upon Madame de la Fayette and her austere lover, the duc de la Rochefoucauld. The caustic novelist vowed that the abbé would do better to dress entirely in women's clothes, and Choisy chose to take her at her word. He returned to her in his finest gown. She cried, "Ah, the lovely creature! You have done well to follow my counsel." Stern La Rochefoucauld approved her judgment; and Choisy, emboldened, began to appear publicly in the costumes he loved so well.

His decision was made in 1672, when he was in his twenty-eighth year. He had his hair cut, to better support the wig, and had his ears newly pierced. He wore "embroidered stays and black and gold house-gowns, with facings of white satin, a busked cincture, and a great knot of ribands in the back to mark the waist, a long sweeping train, a much-powdered peruke, patches, a little bonnet with a fontange." He bought a house in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, and went to dwell there under the name of Madame de Sancy, with a

great train of servants and a chaplain. Yet he made no effort to mystify his neighbors, posing rather as a whimsical gentleman, proudly reading to the curé of his parish an account of his foibles in the Mercure Galant. The curé expressed his indignation that any one should take ill the abbé's pranks. "M. le curé loudly praised my gown, and told me that it had a far better grace than had those little abbés with their jackets and little cloaks, who gained no public respect."

The abbé manifested his piety by renting a pew in Saint-Médard, opposite the pulpit. "The churchwardens sent me always a lit taper to walk in the procession, and I would follow immediately after them. A lackey bore my train; and on the day of the Holy Sacrament, as the procession was making the great tour, M. de la Neuville gave me his hand, and served as my squire. After five or six months, I was brought the loaf, to render the consecrated bread. I did the business very magnificently, but I did not wish any trumpets. The churchwardens told me that a woman must present the holy bread and take the offertory, and that they would rejoice if I should be willing to do them that honor. . . . I prepared myself as for a festival which was to show me as a spectacle to a great throng of people. I had a chamber-gown made of white China damask . . ." After a long description of his finery he proceeds, "I presented the holy bread, and I went to the offering with good enough grace, so I was told; and then I took up the offering, in the morning at high mass, and in the evening at vespers and benediction. I had a squire, a serving-woman who followed me, and three lackeys, one of whom carried my train. Some folk teased me, saying that I was something

coquettish, for that in passing among the chairs I would sometimes stop, while the beadle was clearing the way, and I would amuse myself by looking in my mirror, to resettle my ear-pendants or my steenkirk;[1] but I did this only in the evening at benediction, and few people perceived it. I became very tired through all the day: but I had so much pleasure in seeing myself applauded by all, that I felt no weariness until I was abed. I forgot to say that I took two hundred two-and-seventy livres."

It was a happy life that he led in the faubourg Saint-Marceau. He was awakened for his chaplain's mass at noon, and would hustle into a chamber-gown, a petticoat, and a taffeta coif to hide his mob-cap. He received M. le curé and many friends, especially the maidens of the neighborhood, who had no such fear of him as of the tempestuous gentlemen of that reign. Every one complimented him on his finery, but none found anything therein that was not modest. He gave little concerts and lotteries; he would take his fair neighbors to the opera and the comedy. With M. le curé, he would go weekly to distribute alms to the poor. "I would hear fruit-women and water-carriers say somewhat loud behind us, 'There goes a good lady, God bless her!' . . . An apple-woman whose whole stock I bought to give to a poor family, said to me, clasping her hands, 'God be with 'ee, good lady, and keep 'ee fifty years more as pretty as you are.' These simple praises bring great pleasure, and I perceived even that M. le curé was not insensible to them."

This sweet existence was interrupted by M. Man-

[1] A negligent lace scarf, so called from the battle of Steenkirk, where the French nobles were too hurried to knot properly their neckerchiefs.

sart, him of the roofs, the superintendent of buildings for His Majesty. He represented to the King that the Crown might well take over the abbé's splendid quarters in the Luxembourg, as the abbé was dwelling so contentedly in his faubourg. To hold his right Choisy with a sigh doffed his dresses and returned to court life, and straightway fell victim to a disastrous passion for play. "I lost all my money, and then my ear-pendants and my rings; I had no longer the means to play the belle. A rage of gaming took me; I sold my house in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, and lost the money. I thought no more of dressing as a woman, but only of traveling far to hide my misery and shame, and to essay to dissipate my chagrin."

It was the day of high play in high place. Primi Visconti avers that Choisy lost 100,000 écus (300,000 francs) at raquette. The Duc d'Antin won more than 700,000 livres. His mother, Mme de Montespan, lost and won 400,000 pistoles (four million francs) in one night; she played 150,000 pistoles on three cards and won. Primi Visconti gives us a colorful picture of a game of bassette among great folk. "One might see the Comtesse de Soissons in a great armchair with a quantity of little dogs about her, with Mme de Vertamon dealing the cards and Mme de Rambures tearing them up, the Marquis de Gordes watching, lorgnon in hand, the Duc de Vendôme taking tobacco, the Comte de Gramont tearing off his peruke, the Chevalier de Vendôme smiting the table with his fist, the Duc de Créquy turning up his sleeves, the Bishop of Langres throwing down his hat, the Comte de Roye tapping with his foot, the Marquis de Seignelay swearing, and all acting in conformity with the grief or content that fate

made them feel, except the Comtesse de Soissons and Giustiniani, who did not let their feelings be divined. Similarly the Marquis de Beaumont, who lost 10,000 pistoles and fell into poverty without uttering a single word." Of a different stamp was the High Master of the Wolf-Hounds, M. d'Heudicourt, who made such bounds on his stool, playing lansquenet, that he would upset his neighbors, and incessantly spat over his shoulder without the warning that etiquette demanded. In England also men took cards seriously. A letter of Lady Sunderland, of 1680, tells us, "My Lord Cavendish's journey is stop'd awhile; he has not only lost all his mony, but coach-horses and plate, all he had: my Ld Clifford says, he expects his pictures and house will be gone next." In the Verney Memoirs, for the same period, we read, "Sir Richard Temple's little daughter Maria is christened on his birthday in the drawing room. The baby's mother, and the godmothers, Lady Chaworth and Lady Gardiner, are immersed in cards. They leave off gambling for three or four rounds while the service is actually performed, then fall to it again, oblivious of everything about them."

Choisy confesses of himself, "Gaming has always persecuted me; it has cured me of these bagatelles of dressing as a woman for several years, but every time that I ruined myself and wished to give up play, I fell again into my old weaknesses and again became a woman."

He was no doubt in the mood to quit the fever of the courtly gaming-rooms when he suffered a rebuff which determined him to seek a more regular existence. He was attending the Opera, in a white gown flowered with gold, with facings of black satin, and with rose-colored

ribands. The Duchesse d'Uzès, sitting in the royal box with the Dauphin, espied him, and bade him enter. The Dauphin, a boy of twelve, was delighted with the pretty abbé, and invited him to join in the collation being served in the box. But, says Choisy spitefully, Rabatjoie, Killjoy Montausier, the preceptor of the Dauphin, arrived. "How do you find her?" asked the Duchess. "I avow," declared Montausier, "madame or mademoiselle—I know not how to call you—I avow that you are pretty; but in truth have you no shame, to wear such a costume and to play the woman, since you are happy enough not to be one? Go hide yourself; the dauphin thinks you are a sad creature." The dauphin interrupted that to the contrary he found her beautiful as an angel; but Choisy, much abashed, resolved to retire from court.

He bought an estate near Bourges and there dwelt under the name of the Comtesse des Barres, indulging in many a gay and romanesque adventure with the daughters of country gentry and with actresses. Some three years later he returned to Paris, to lead a life of disorder and extravagance, which attracted the reprobation of the King himself. The royal displeasure seems not to have been lasting, for in 1676 the abbé was appointed to accompany the Cardinal de Bouillon to the conclave which was to elect a Pope. If d'Alembert is to be trusted, Choisy's recommendations to France persuaded Louis to permit the election of Innocent XI.

In 1683 the abbé fell ill of a fever. The thought of death, the canceler of beauty, came to haunt him as he lay sick in the Seminary of Foreign Missions. The good clerics fought with Satan for his soul; the abbé promised that if he should come again to health he

would consecrate his life to God alone. During his convalescence he wrote four edifying dialogues, on the immortality of the soul, on the existence of God, on providence, and on religion. They were published in the following year, the fortieth of his life.

The sincerity of his conversion was well and outwardly proven, for in 1684 he offered himself for a hazardous task in expiation of his follies. He proposed to convert the King of Siam to the true faith. There were indeed carpers who saw in his design something else than holy zeal. His friend and biographer, the abbé d'Olivet, writes, "He was cruelly pressed by his creditors, who were assailing him on all sides. He had made considerable losses at gaming and he thought he would save much money by going to Siam; in this he was much mistaken." The abbé's apostolic mission, he himself tells us, impoverished him for the ten years following.

He published a sprightly journal of his voyage, of fourteen months of seafaring and three of exhortation. His impressions of sea and land are always genial, but lack the grandiose touch. He describes the Canary Islands thus pithily: "They say that good jams are made there. The mountains are covered with snow." Ship-life pleased him, especially as his mind was now turned heavenward. "I think there is no better seminary than a vessel. I have never yet repented of having come on this galley." The victualing of the ship, he repeatedly tells us, was admirable.

But the King of Siam proved reluctant to abandon his idols. Choisy exhorted in vain, the palm of Saint Francis Xavier was not destined for him. He found, however, much satisfaction in the Asian pomp of the

mission's reception; "I thought I had become Pope," he informs us. His happiness was only clouded by the fact that Father Tachard received by error the great gold crucifix which Siam's ruler intended for Choisy.

Meanwhile his aspirations toward rectitude were crowned by his elevation to the priesthood. At the hands of the Bishop in partibus of Metellopolis he received, in Siam, the four minor orders on December 7, 1685, the sub-diaconate on the 8th, the diaconate on the 9th, and the priesthood on the 10th. At the same time he deprecates and exults over this unwonted celerity, and cites the example of his friend Daniel de Cosnac. He preached one day before the queen, and the Cardinal Mazarin, enraptured, dubbed him Bishop of Valence on the spot. Cosnac betook himself straightway to the Archbishop of Paris. "Monseigneur, the King has made me bishop, but I am not yet a priest." "I shall order you when you will." "And I beg you also to make me deacon." "Willingly." "And I must crave also the sub-diaconate." "In the name of God, shall I baptize you?"

Returning to France, Choisy brought costly presents and messages of amity from the King of Siam to the great brother monarch. He made, however, the blunder of bringing also presents for the Cardinal de Bouillon. How could the unhappy abbé have known that during his absence Louis had ceased to shed warm beams on the Cardinal, and had indeed banished him the court? For such ill address Choisy shared the Cardinal's disgrace; he retired in shame to the Seminary of Foreign Missions, and there wrote his Life of David and his Interpretation of the Psalms. These he dedicated to the King, prefacing the Life of David with a

new psalm of praise. "The new Christians of the Orient pray for you without ceasing," he cried, "and they look upon you as, after God, the author of their salvation." His Majesty recognized the love in Choisy's bosom which must have dictated the words, and he received once more the happy subject to his favor.

Thereupon the French Academy, recognizing the abbé's services to letters, elected him to an armchair among the forty immortals. His was the seventeenth armchair, in our time the illustrious throne of Littré, Pasteur, and Gaston Paris. He was received by M. Bergeret, who addressed to him a perhaps over-laudatory allocution, in the course of which he compared the new immortal's mother, Mme de Choisy, to Cornelia, the faultless mother of the virtuous Gracchi.[1]

[1] The contemporary keys to the *Caractères* of La Bruyère unanimously interpret the character of Théodote as that of the abbé de Choisy. This character appeared first in the seventh edition of the work, in 1692. Servois, in his great edition of the *Caractères,* rejects the attribution, and with evident reason. Yet if the coat seemed to contemporaries a passable fit, Choisy might have worn it, though it was cut for another. Some traits of the character of Théodote are here subjoined: "Théodote has, with his austere garment, a comic visage, that of an actor making his entrance on the stage; his voice, step, gesture, attitude, match his face; he is subtil, sly, sweetish, mysterious; he comes close to you and says in your ear, ''Tis a fine day; 'tis thawing fast.' If he has not the great manners, he has at least all the little ones, even those which are fit only for a young *précieuse.* Imagine the application of a child in building a house of cards or in capturing a butterfly, 'tis that of Théodote for an affair of no account, which does not deserve one's slightest bestirring; but he treats it seriously, as something capital; he hustles, bustles, brings it to success. . . . Théodote loves favor madly; . . . he makes his vows to it, cultivates it, serves it mysteriously; he is in ambush for everything that appears with the liveries of favor; if any man has a likely chance for favor, Théodote offers himself to him, intrigues for him, secretly sacrifices to him merit, alliances, friendships, engagements, gratitude. If the post of Cassini [the celebrated astronomer, director of the Observatory] should fall vacant, and if the doorman or the postillion of the favorite should see fit to ask it, Théodote would endorse his request, would consider him worthy of this post, would find him capable of observing and calculating, and opining on parhelia and parallaxes." But La Bruyère was a good friend of Choisy, and was not thus venomous toward his friends.

He was inducted into the Academy in 1687, at the age of 43. He lived until 1724, busy with his great History of the Church, in eleven volumes, and his other works of piety and of history, both churchly and secular. To these should be added some tales designed to divert the spirit, at the same time elevating the soul with precepts of morality, and his memoirs. Some of his recollections of his exploits as Madame de Sancy and as the comtesse des Barres were written for the amusement of the Marquise de Lambert, widely known as a paragon of virtue in a licentious age. Certain gross memories there set down have happily been excised from all printed versions of his works.

During these years of expiation by good works of his youthful extravagances, it yet appears that his old habits were strong in him. In his house he wore none but women's clothes; in this garb he composed all his pious works. Says d'Alembert, "He could not bring himself to quit women's wear when he was alone, not thinking that there remained in that very solitude a witness more redoubtable than mankind. . . . Interrupting sometimes his work to cast for a moment a sad glance upon himself, he would cry with the simplest sincerity, 'What a painter for the Anthonys and the Pachomiuses, for the Augustins and the Athanasiuses!' "

He was not a very estimable man, concluded his kinsman d'Argenson. In this judgment we must concur; but had he been an estimable man this history would not have been very interesting.

DUKE MAZARIN

DUKE MAZARIN

LOUIS, the great Louis, the Sun-King, visiting the work upon his Louvre, remarked a casual hammer upon a staircase. "There," said His Majesty to Perrault, "lies the weapon Duke Mazarin wields so handily."

Perrault laughed with the gusto fitting to an architect in the presence of his sovereign; Perrault knew, as who did not, the zealous habit of Duke Mazarin, and how he would pound with a righteous hammer the nudity of pagan statues, taking earnestly to heart the words of Ennius:

Flagitii principium est, nudare inter cives corpora.[1]

Montaigne had in his time berated a statue-gelder; and in later days the Prince Panfili and Mgr. Farnese in Rome, and the Duc de Valentinois in France, brought decorum to heathen liberty with the decent fig-leaf. Duke Mazarin likewise was content to endue with a shift or clout of plaster certain works: a Saint Sebastian of Caraccio, a David of Guido, a Diana, a Magdalen, a Leda, of Paolo Veronese.[2] He was content also to chasten with brush and paint-pot the carnalities of Titian and Correggio.

St.-Evremond gives us a stirring picture of that Art-Gallery raid:[3] "M. Mazarin leaves Vincennes at

[1] *Apud* Cicero: Tusc. Quaes. IV, 33.
[2] *Lettres de Colbert,* VI, 280, note 1.
[3] *Œuvres,* ed. 1739, VII, 273.

daybreak for this famous expedition; he awakes Tourolles, his curator, bids him open one of the galleries, enters there with a mason, takes from his hand a heavy hammer, and casts himself with fury upon the statues. Tourolles, bursting into tears, in vain protests the ruin of so many masterpieces; weariness was the only stop to the work. At about seven in the evening, M. de Colbert arrives; he sees the massacre, as one might say, calls the assassin a madman, and, oppressed by veritable grief, quits him. M. Mazarin goes tranquilly to supper, and about nine o'clock, accompanied by five or six of his domestics, gives a hammer to each and returns to the gallery with his escort. Some he animates by his example; the lagging of others he reproaches. He chooses as his portion the sex which he flees and yet desires. . . . One might see well by the fury of his blows . . . that his repentance was perchance avenging the errors of his imagination. It was a Saturday; midnight sounds; that signal of Sabbath repose cuts short the task." To this Choisy adds the detail that His Grace spared only a tapestry portraying with all the allurement of the cunning needle Mars seated by the side of Venus. "Why," asked Colbert, "do you spare this Mars and Venus?" "Ah," replied the Duke, "they belong to my family."

The world of fops and finnikins jested at the perfringent Duke. The great Ménage looked up from his grammars to write the stately verses, which, in part, follow:

Frangendas mandat famulo qua parte tenellas
Ad venerem mentes posse movere putat.
Marmore frigidior, statuis taciturnior ipsis
Horret ad haec famulus jussaque dura fugit.

Duke Mazarin

Irata Armandus dextra capit ocius ensem,
Nec mora, quod fieri jusseret, ipse facit.
Ense, pedes Thetidis, Junonis brachia, dextram
Palladis, et totam dedecorat Venerem;
Fit pulvis, Divum Patri qui pocula miscet,
Non parcit formae, parve Cupid, tuae.[1]

The attack on lascivious art was but an incident in a long career of well-doing. Armand de la Porte, son of the Maréchal de la Meilleraie, was born in 1630, scion of a house recently enriched, ennobled, and Catholicized. He fell deeply enamored of Hortense Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, when she was but ten years old. He proposed his suit to the Cardinal, and was contemptuously refused, the Cardinal asserting even that he would as soon give his niece to a valet. But Armand, then Marquis de la Meilleraie and Grand Master of the Artillery, was a dogged hunter; he vowed that if he might but marry Hortense, he would willingly die three months after. He married her four years later (28 February 1661) and, as she acridly notes in her memoirs, he did not die.

She was indeed a catch, for her uncle's wealth and for her own beauty. When in 1661 she danced in the Royal Ballet of the Seasons (in which His Majesty danced the rôle of Springtide) Isaac de Benserade exclaimed of her:

Cette petite Muse en charmes, en attraits
N'est à pas une inférieure,
Aussi pas une jamais
N'eut l'esprit et le sein formez de si bonne heure.[2]

Later she was to be known as one of the most beautiful women of Europe, by the testimony of the courtiers of

[1] St.-Evremond *Œuvres*, (Amsterdam, 1739), V, 216, n.
[2] *Œuvres* (1698), 205.

four capitals, and even in the shrewd judgment of Mme de la Fayette. How says Macaulay: "No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses." And the Abbé de St. Réal: "She is one of these lofty Roman Beauties, no way like our Baby Visaged, and Puppet-like Faces of France." He continues, with questionable taste: "You must see her lapped in a Night-Gown to Judge with more exactness of her." [1] Her young loveliness aroused Charles the Second of England, when a penniless pretender in France, boasting vainly of a Restoration to ministers too shrewd to see the future. He asked, in 1660, for the hand of Hortense, and Mazarin returned a negative wrapped in every reason but the true one. Having missed so nearly being Charles's queen, she was one day to become his mistress, counterpoising thus the career of the saintly Maintenon.

The Marquis, espousing Hortense, obtained the title of Duc Mazarin and a vast fortune of twenty-eight millions of livres. Gramont calls him the richest subject in Europe. Yet, with all her wealth, the Duchess brought him many a sorrow. Though dutifully four times a mother by her nineteenth year, she did not cease to be a worldly giddy-pated creature, bemused with vanities. She would not, professing godliness, learn in silence with all subjection. The Duke labored earnestly to correct her. Visitors were forbidden the house; she was not permitted to attend the play, to sit

[1] *Memoirs of the Dutchess Mazarine*, London, 1676.

late, to play blind-man's buff. Domestics to whom she showed favor were forthwith dismissed, and her carriage was taken from her; yet would she not learn shamefacedness and sobriety. In spite of the Duke's interdiction she would wear beauty patches. To a sorry pass did matters come; after the Duke had taken into his own hands her diamonds, vain gauds of the world, she fled to the nunnery of Chelles, whence strange stories were soon reported. It was asserted that in gayety of heart or by Hell's promptings she and the Marquise de Courcelles had put ink in the holy-water basin. This charge she denied in her memoirs, though admitting that in an effort to wash her feet, in defiance of conventual rule, she had let the water escape from a leaky coffer; it had followed a demon-traced path to drip upon the monacal beds. She denied as well that with the Marquise she was wont to run through the convent halls by night, crying "Tayaut!" to a pack of little dogs.

Duke Mazarin, beside himself at his wife's contumacy, rode to Chelles at the head of sixty horse to demand her return. But the Abbess seems to have well befriended her charge. She put in Hortense's hand the keys of the convent; and when Duke Mazarin demanded through the grill audience with the Abbess, his wife brandished the keys in his face and told him that she was Abbess for that day. The Duke retired, vowing that he would return with a great band and would take the convent by force. On the following day a throng was seen approaching; and Hortense sought refuge by crawling through a gap in the parlor-grill into a tiny hidy-hole. The cry went up that the visitors were a band of friends, headed by the Duc de Bouillon;

but Sidonie de Courcelles must needs work a quarter hour to pull out by the heels the Duchess, wedged fearfully in her burrow.

Hortense brought suit against her lord in the Cour des Enquêtes. "This Court," she says, "consisted most of young men of great wit and eloquence, and they all strove who should be most forward to serve me." They served her well indeed, but the Duke appealed to the Grande Chambre, composed of ancients of a humor to quash the gallant decree of the witty young men. Foreseeing mischance, the Duchess resolved to take refuge with her sister, the Constabless Colonna, in Rome. She escaped from Paris, and rode across France to Nancy, disguised as a man. She was accompanied in her flight only by two gentlemen-couriers and by her maid, Nanon, clad also in men's garments (though "she was extream low of stature, and so unfit to be clothed in man's apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing)."

By way of Switzerland the party came to Rome. There the Duchess remained for four years, leading the life of gallantry, adventure, and tumult for which she was supremely fitted. The Constabless of Colonna, meanwhile, was longing to be quit of her husband, and purposed a flight to France. Hortense, delighted with the prospect of doing good with excitement, arranged the escape. After a myriad misadventures, the two put to sea in a felucca with a villain captain, dodged a Turkey pirate, weathered a great storm, and came to shore in France, like heroines of romance, says Mme de Sévigné, with a store of pearls and no underclothes.

Hortense sought the protection of a former suitor, Charles Emmanuel II of Savoy, in his capital in Turin.

He made her warmly welcome; she remained for three years, from 1672 to 1675, as his pensioner in Chambéry. On his death Hortense felt it time to be on her way; she set forth, "on horseback, and wearing a plumed hat and peruke," to visit another old suitor, Charles the Second of England.

> "When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
> Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
> Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
> As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

So chanted Waller at her coming. How indeed her eyes triumphed over the meaner beauties of Charles's court; how gallant Old Rowley settled a pension of 4000 pounds upon her; how she galloped to hounds, cheered at cock-fights, drank absinthe in pint-pots, cast stink-bombs, fenced with Lady Sussex in St. James's Park, both in their night-gowns; how she made of her drawing-room a salon where the wit of France and England assembled, where the Italian opera in England had its beginnings, and where play ran high; how at length she fell on evil days and her guests were wont to leave a guinea beneath their plates to pay for their entertainment; all this has been told elsewhere. We must return to her deserted spouse.

Not to his wife alone did he confine his corrections and admonishments in the way of virtue. The voice of his tormenting genius dinned within him, bidding him even turn his eyes against the Sun. Conrart[1], St.-Simon and others tell how Duke Mazarin came to Louis with word that the Angel Gabriel had sent him a message. When His Majesty signified the august

[1] Petitot, 2d ser., vol. XLVIII, p. 277.

willingness to hear more, the Duke stated that the Lord was not happy at the dealings of the Most Christian King with Mlle de la Vallière. The King replied only, in a sweet and favorable manner, says Conrart, "I counsel you to speak of this to no one, for you would bring only sorry judgments upon yourself." Yet steadfast Mazarin indeed spoke of it, and indeed aroused only laughter and ridicule of piety in the debased society of the period. When, not long after, Hortense fled to Nancy, the Duke ran with the news to the Louvre, and though it was three in the morning, insisted on having the King cried up, praying that His Majesty would have the saucy wife pursued and brought back to trial. But the King, with midnight petulance, refused to intervene, vowing it strange that the Angel Gabriel had not forewarned his darling of Hortense's purpose.

The royal exacerbation was not lasting. Duke Mazarin was made governor of Alsace, Brisach, Belfort, Vincennes, and the Great Bailiwick of Haguenau, which last alone brought him 30,000 livres of income. The King put him in all his councils, gave him the privileges and entrances of the First Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and even borrowed two million livres from him. The Duke came near to being appointed Marshal of France; but it was reported at this period (1664) in a letter to Marie Sobieski, Queen of Poland, that the Duke was convinced that he was a tulip, and had himself sprinkled and set out in the sun daily. Such a tendency toward metamorphoses may well have given pause to a King intent on victories.

Great donations, mismanagement, and endless lawsuits gradually reduced the Duke's property, till at the end of his life, he, the former byword for wealth, came

to real straits. He occupied his later years in the promotion of virtue on his estates. He tried to bring to pass the extraction of the front teeth of the comely maidens of his villages, lest their pastoral beauty should prove a stumbling-block to the faint of purpose. He forbade country lasses to milk cows; he constrained wet-nurses from their labors on Fridays and Saturdays, fast days. He taught the peasant women what demure and pudibund gestures should be adopted when they were bounden to churn and spin. He made rules for apprentice apothecaries, that they might conciliate decency with their functions. If we may not at first comprehend the shamefulness of these businesses, we may agreeably speculate upon what foulness the Duke discovered therein.

Angels, Powers, and Dominations directed his smallest decisions. Mazarin Castle took fire; says St.-Simon, "all ran toward to extinguish it, but he drove away those scoundrels who attempted to oppose God's good pleasure." It being manifest in the Pentateuch that choice by lot is a sacred ordinance, he held yearly a lottery of offices to his servant staff, whereby "the cook became bailiff and Boots the master's secretary." Of this said mocking Voltaire:[1]

> Craignant de faire un choix par sa faible raison,
> Il tirait aux trois dés les rangs de la maison.
> Le sort, d'un postillon faisait un secrétaire;
> Son cocher étonné devint homme d'affaire,
> Un docteur hibernois, son très-digne aumônier,
> Rendit grâce au destin qui le fit cuisinier.

The Duchess Hortense died in Chelsea in 1699. Jean Bouhier of Dijon reports that in despair at losing her

[1] Epître LI.

lover, the Duke of Albemarle, to the fresher charms of her daughter, the Duchesse de Richelieu, she retired to her room and drank two very large bottles of brandy with herbal infusions designed to aid the digestion. She then died, "with a firmness worthy of old Rome." As she was deep in debt, her creditors would not permit her body to leave the kingdom. Her husband at length ransomed her remains, and as if to make amends for the long separation, journeyed about with them for a year from one estate to another, as did Joanna the Mad of Spain with the body of her consort. He deposited her body for a time in the church of Notre-Dame de Liesse, Our Lady of Gayety, the great shrine of the Laonnais. There, says St.-Simon, the good folk prayed to it as to a saint and had their chaplets touched to it. Finally she was buried beside her uncle, in the church of the College of the Four Nations in Paris.

Duke Mazarin, so long inconsolable, at last sought consolation. In 1712, at the age of 82, he married a Mlle de la Chaussée, whom he had had educated in a convent, and who was fifteen at the time of the nuptials. Mme Petit Dunoyer commented slyly that no doubt the Duke was following Scripture, deeming it better to marry than to burn.

He died within a year.

Now crowding oblivion has shouldered him out of our ken. Yet it would seem a sad thing for us to forget him utterly; for does not his spirit still live on?

CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS

CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS

THE study of the lives of malefactors, so popular an exercise in our day, is not wholly commended by the judicious. Sin has been the punishment of mankind for Eve's presumption; and Cain and Commodus and Sawney Bean the Scottish Cannibal should be as odious to history as they were execrable to their contemporaries. An outright and arrant rogue has nothing in him to detain the philosopher, no more than has an outright and arrant professor of virtue. The men whom we are here scrutinizing, these originals and extravagants, were all possessed of contrary demons, and not one but two or many. "Je sens deux hommes en moi," cried Pascal,[1] and indeed there were several, and all of them great men, and each of them furious against his fellow-lodgers. How much more than to any saint steadfast in godliness are we drawn to Paul, with his "For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." And, to draw a little example from these great things, we cannot be concerned with evildoers, however eminent, in whom dwelt evil alone; but pertinent to our study are examples of Vice struggling with another and more creditable passion. If, for instance, we scan the histories of the buccaneers, filibusters, and pirates, we find our attention drawn most to those in whom the piratical fury contended with simple domestic virtues, with a

[1] So says Lemaître. I cannot find the original quotation.

laudable piety, or with a taste for dramatic composition.

The life and exploits of Captain Bartholomew Roberts are set down at explicit length in Captain Charles Johnson's "History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates." [1] This Captain Roberts made a great noise in the world in his day, for the mad valor displayed by himself and his men in their depredations. Yet it would appear that he embraced the pirate life with reluctance, and that his principles and bent of character were those of a worthy burgher, a suburban churchwarden. He was a foe to dicing and gaming, to Sabbath-breaking, and even to indulgence in wines, rums, and brandies, that solace of the most God-fearing of his day.

A sailor by trade, Roberts sailed from London as chief mate of the *Princess,* Captain Plumb commander, in November 1718. They made Guinea in the February following, and were loading slaves for the West Indies in Anamabo (in what is now the Gold Coast) when they were taken by Captain Howel Davis and his gentlemen in the *Rover.* This Captain Davis was a bold fellow, and full of stratagems. He had not long before captured Gambia Castle with but eight companions, by a device of the greatest audacity. Disguising the *Rover* as an honest slaver, he had cast anchor beneath the fort, and had rowed ashore with the master and the doctor, dressed as gentlemen, and with a boat's crew of six. "The Governor told them he would slave them to the full value of their cargo, and ask'd them if they had any European liquor on board. They answered, a little for their own use; however, a hamper

[1] Recently reprinted by Dodd, Mead and Co., N. Y.

Captain Bartho. Roberts *with two Ships, Viz. the* Royal Fortune *and* Ranger, *takes a Sail in* Whydah *Road on the coast of* Guiney, *January 11th 1724.*

of it should be at his service. The Governor then very civilly invited them to dine with him." Davis then sent out for the hamper of liquor, at the same time providing instructions for his men. He bade his boat's crew enter into conversation with the sentries in the guard-room, and to start up at once and secure the arms when he should fire a pistol through the Governor's window. Returning to the Governor's rooms, he found dinner not yet ready; but the Governor proposed to pass the time by making a bowl of punch. "Davis on a sudden drew out a pistol, and clapp'd it to the Governor's breast, telling him he must surrender the fort, and all the riches in it, or he was a dead man. The Governor, being no ways prepared for such an attack, promis'd to be very passive, and do all they desir'd; therefore they shut the door, took down all the arms that hung in the hall, and loaded them. Davis fired his pistol through the window, upon which his men without executed their part of the scheme, like heroes, in an instant; getting betwixt the soldiers and their arms, all with their pistols cock'd in their hands, while one of them carried the arms out. When this was done, they lock'd the soldiers into the guard room, and kept guard without." They then struck the Union flag on the top of the castle, whereat the men on board sent on shore a reënforcement, and the castle was taken without the loss of a man. In this operation they took to the value of two thousand pounds sterling in bar gold, and many other rich effects.

Our Mr. Roberts, as an expert navigator, was impressed into the service of these rovers. "In the beginning," says Captain Johnson, "he was very averse to this sort of life, and would certainly have escaped from

them, had a fair opportunity presented itself; yet afterwards he changed his principles, as many besides him have done upon another element, and perhaps for the same reason too, *viz.* preferment." It was but six weeks before his conscience was put to a most dreadful test, for gallant Captain Davis was killed, and that in a very horrid and treacherous manner.

Davis came with the *Rover* to Princess Island (off the Cameroons) and announced himself to the Portuguese Governor as an English man-of-war in quest of pirates. The Governor received him very civilly, and Davis took on supplies, telling the Governor that the King of England would pay for whatever he should take. Davis then proposed a stratagem to his lords (as those principal pirates called themselves who advised the captain about operations, and "held certain priviledges which the common pirates were debarr'd from, such as walking the quarter-deck, using the great cabin, going ashore at pleasure, and treating with foreign powers, that is, with the captains of ships they made prize of.") Davis suggested that the Governor, the chief men, and the friars be asked on board to an entertainment. They would then be clapped in irons and there kept until they paid a ransom of forty thousand pounds sterling. But a faithless Portuguese negro swam ashore in the night and discovered the project to the Governor.

The next day Davis and his lords went on shore, as out of respect, to bring the Governor on board. They were received with the usual civility, and "were desired to walk up to the Governor's house, to take some refreshment. . . . They accepted without the least suspicion, but never returned again. An ambuscade was

laid, and, a signal being given, a whole volley was fired upon them; they every man dropped, except one; this one fled back, escaped into the boat, and got on board the ship. Davis was shot through the bowels, yet he rose again, and made a weak effort to get away; but his strength soon forsook him, and he dropp'd down dead. Just as he fell, he perceived he was followed, and drawing out his pistols, he fired them at his pursuers, thus, like a game cock, giving a dying blow, that he might not fall unrevenged."

In these six probationary weeks with Davis's crew, Roberts seems to have commended himself well to his companions. He was the sort of man who had been taught to do well whatever he might turn his hand to; perhaps he had learned also that no work is debasing if it is done with an honest and submissive heart. However it be, when valiant Captain Davis was lost and the council of lords was met over a bowl of punch, the name of Bartholomew Roberts was proposed as a candidate for the captaincy. Captain Johnson has preserved the nominating speech of my Lord Dennis: "It is my advice that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a man of courage, and skill'd in navigation; one who, by his council and bravery, seems best able to defend this commonwealth, and ward us from the dangers and tempests of an instable element, and the fatal consequence of anarchy; and such a one I take Roberts to be, a fellow, I think, in all respects worthy your esteem and favour."

"This speech," continues Captain Johnson, "was loudly applauded by all but Lord Sympson, who had secret expectations himself, and who, on this disappointment, grew sullen, and left them, swearing, 'he

did not care who they chose Captain, so it was not a Papist.' "

What a parlous pass was this for an honest man, a respectable mate in the merchant service! Did he fear that a declination of the honor would be followed by a sentence of death by the insulted deliberative body? Were his scruples allayed by the stout Protestantism of Sympson? Did he perhaps feel that as Captain he might really do some good to the souls under his charge? Be it as it may, he accepted the post, saying that "since he had dipp'd his hands in muddy water, and must be a pirate, it was better being a commander than a common man."

If this method of choice of a captain by election surprise any modern doubters of democracy, it must be recalled that the pirate ships were more truly republican than are any of our experiments in industrial self-government. All officers of the ship, quartermaster, sailing master, gunner, and chirurgeon, were elected. It is true that the captain not seldom became, in the fashion of elected dictators, a tyrant, introduced corruption into the ship's polity, and filled the offices with his own creatures, never asking by your leave of his subjects. The power of recall possessed by the crew, which was commonly exercised by the shooting to the too-presumptuous captain, acted as a corrective to ambition, but was unfortunately very destructive of discipline. The crew "only permit him to be captain on condition that they may be captain over him; they separate to his use the great cabin, and sometimes vote him small parcels of plate and china; but then every man, as the humour takes him, will use the plate and china, intrude into his apartment, swear at him, seize

a part of his victuals and drink, if they like it, without his offering to find fault or contest it."

In time of battle or chase, however, the captain's power was complete. "He drubs, cuts, or even shoots any one who dares deny his command." After the battle the aggrieved pirate had no redress except by impeachment of the captain by due process of pirate law.

A good example of this method of control, so contrary to modern seafaring practice, is contained in the narrative of the dangerous voyage and bold attempts of Captain Bartholomew Sharp.[1] This expedition took place in 1679, in the time of the Buccaneers, who made a specious show of warring upon Spain with privateers' commissions. The crew wearied of Captain Sharp, and elected in his place one John Watling, who had the esteem of being a stout seaman. Captain Sharp, now Sailor Sharp, gave over his command, and complaisantly signed his articles with the rest. And this continued until, in an effort to take the Spanish fort of Arica, Captain Watling was killed. All then were glad to cast their eyes upon their good old commander, but it was a great while before he would take any notice of his mates' pleadings. At length, however, he acceded to their request and earnest petition. Thus by policy he gained what he would surely have lost, with his life, had he persisted in the traditions of the naval and merchant services.

Roberts himself enforced a better management than usual, and this was for two reasons. Firstly he was of a most magisterial carriage, and his sternness could

[1] By Basil Ringrose, Gent. It is included in *The Bucaniers of America*, London, 1704, II, 102.

make those fear who did not love him. And "if any seemed to resent his usage, he told them they might go ashore and take satisfaction of him, if they thought fit, for he neither valu'd nor fear'd any of them." His haughtiness provoked some disorders in his swaggering crew. Thus on one occasion Captain Roberts, having been insulted by one of the drunken pirates, "killed the fellow on the spot, which was resented by a great many others, but particularly by one Jones, a brisk active young man, who died lately in the Marshalsea, and was his Mess-mate. This Jones boldly cursed Roberts, and said, he ought to be served so himself. Roberts hearing Jones's invective, ran to him with a sword, and ran him into the body; and Jones, notwithstanding his wound, seized the captain, threw him over a gun, and beat him handsomely. This adventure put the whole company into an uproar, and some taking part with the captain, and others against him, there had like to have ensued a general battle with one another, like my Lord Thomont's cocks. However, the tumult was at length appeas'd by the mediation of the quartermaster; and as the majority of the company were of the opinion, that the dignity of the captain ought to be supported on board, that it was a post of honour, and therefore the person they thought fit to confer it on should not be violated by any single member. Therefore they sentenced Jones to undergo two lashes from every one of the company for his misdemeanour, which was executed upon him as soon he was well of his wound."

Now the second reason for Roberts's better management gives an evidence that he was a shrewd and wise governor. He established a sort of privy council of

half a dozen of the greatest bullies, those in whom ambition and envy would be most rife. "Yet even those, in the latter part of his reign, he had run counter to in every project that opposed his own opinion; for which, and because he grew reserved, and would not drink and roar at their rate, a cabal was formed to take away his captainship, which death did more effectually."

An orderly man, he had the true Englishman's love of constitutional government. On being elected captain, he drew up a piratical Magna Charta, a constitution for his weal publique, which all his crew then signed. As this document should be of interest to all students of government and piratical and other politics, I shall here subjoin it.

I. Every man has a vote in affairs of moment, and an equal title to the fresh provisions, or strong liquors, at any time seized; which he may use at pleasure, unless a scarcity make it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a retrenchment.

II. Every man shall be called fairly in turn, by list, on board of prizes.[1] But if they defraud the company to the value of a dollar, in plate, jewels, or money, marooning is the punishment.[2]

III. No person to game at cards or dice for money.

IV. The lights and candles to be put out at eight o'clock at night; if any of the crew, after that hour,

[1] All who went on board a prize were allowed, above their proper share, a shift of clothes. Not rarely the grandees on the prizes were stripped naked to watch the pirates strutting it in their satins and lace.

[2] If the robbery was only between themselves, they contented themselves with slitting the ears and nose of him that was guilty, and set him on shore, not in an uninhabited place, but somewhere where he was sure to encounter hardships.—Note by Captain Johnson.

still remained inclined for drinking, they were to do it on the open deck.[1]

V. To keep their piece, pistols, and cutlash clean, and fit for service.[2]

VI. No boy or woman to be allowed amongst them. If any man is found seducing any of the latter sex, and carried her to sea, disguised, he is to suffer death.

VII. To desert the ship, or their quarters in battle, is punished with death, or marooning.

VIII. No striking one another on board, but every man's quarrels to be settled on shore, at sword and pistol.

IX. No man to talk of breaking up their way of living till each had shared 1000 *l.* If in order to do this, any man should lose a limb, or become a cripple in their service, he is to have 800 dollars out of the publick stock, and for lesser hurts proportionably.

X. The Captain and Quartermaster to receive two shares of a prize; the master, boatswain, and gunner, one share and a half, and other officers one and a quarter.

XI. The musicians to have rest on the Sabbath day, but the other six days and nights, none, without special favour.

Captain Johnson, confessing that the original copy of these articles is lost, suspects that there was a twelfth article, "containing something too horrid to be dis-

[1] This Roberts believed would give a check to their debauches, for he was a sober man himself; but he found at length that all his endeavours to put an end to this debauch proved ineffectual.—Note by Captain Johnson.

[2] In this they were extravagantly nice, endeavouring to outdo one another in the beauty and richness of their arms, giving sometimes at an auction made at the mast 30 or 40 £ a pair for pistols. These were slung in time of service with different coloured ribbands over their shoulders, in a way peculiar to these fellows, in which they took great delight.—Note by Captain Johnson.

closed to any, except such as were willing to be sharers in the iniquity of them." However that be, it was required of all members of the crew that they sign their subscription, and take an oath of fidelity to the articles on Captain Roberts's Bible.

Such a constitution as this was customary among the pirates, when they set forth upon the grand account. Captain Johnson gives several such, differing from the one just quoted chiefly in that less emphasis was put on regularity of life. Yet in every case it would appear that in making these pacts of impiety the oath of adherence was taken upon a Bible, except in the case of Captain John Phillips's crew, which, for want of the Book, took their oath upon a hatchet.

Certain of the stipulations set down above suggest notes, glosses, and analogies. In Article II, the rules of marooning are more explicitly recorded in the articles of Captain Phillips's crew: "If any man shall offer to run away or keep any secret from the company, he shall be marooned, with one bottle of powder, one bottle of water, one small arm, and shot."

As for Article III, few were the captains so bold as to attempt to prevent gaming.[1] It was the darling vice of these rakehelly men. It was almost the rule for a band of pirates to find, after a long and prosperous cruise, that all the spoils were in the hands of a certain few of their mates, more ready with the cards than with the cutlass. Captain Bartholomew Sharp cruised for two years in the South Seas and took many rich prizes, but when his ship returned around the Horn to the West Indies, a good share of his crew had gambled

[1] The provision appears in the articles of Captain George Lowther and his crew.

away all their takings.[1] Commander Captain Sawkins had preceded Captain Sharp in command of this famous piratical expedition; it had been his custom to throw the dice overboard, if he found them in use on Sunday. It is clear therefore that Captain Sawkins was a strict Sabbatarian, whereas our Captain Roberts's provision was no doubt prompted by solicitude for his men's welfare.

In Captain Johnson's note to Article IV, we have his word that Captain Roberts, a sober man, was a foe to the drunkenness which was such an unfortunate aspect of pirate life. The Buccaneers of the seventeenth century, the predecessors of the subjects of our study, had besotted themselves chiefly with brandy, drinking it, says Esquemeling, as liberally as the Spaniards do water. "Sometimes they buy together a pipe of wine; this they stave at one end, and never cease drinking till 'tis out. . . . My own master would buy sometimes a pipe of wine, and placing it in the street, would force those that passed by to drink with him, threatening also to pistol them if they would not." [2] The dying declarations of pirates penitent upon the gallows bear witness to the evil wrought in them by strong drink. Thus John Rose Archer, executed in Boston on June 2, 1724: "One wickedness that has led me as much as any to all the rest, has been my brutish drunkenness. By strong drink I have been heated and hardened into the crimes that are now more bitter than death unto me." Captain Misson alone, the most stern but the most lovable of pirate captains, enforced perfect sobriety. To tell

[1] See Basil Ringrose's relation of this journey, in *The History of the Bucaniers of America,* London, 1704.
[2] *The Bucaniers of America,* London, 1704, Vol. I.

of his campaign against alcoholic excess and the taking in vain of the Lord's name I must make a little digression.

This Captain Misson was a young man of Provence of an ancient family, whose gallant and roving temper had brought him upon the grand account, with a fine ship of his own, the *Victoire*. By observing the licentious lives of the Roman ecclesiastics, and by the arguments of philosophical friends, he had become a perfect Deist, and would often harangue the crew on problems of free-will and the nature of the Soul. He would argue also that every man was born free, and had as much right to what would support him as the air he respired. "A contrary way of arguing would be accusing the Deity with cruelty and injustice." Though such doctrines smell strong of the faggot, Captain Misson was in practice a reverent man, as may be observed of many another Deist who defies God with his reason but not by his demeanor.

After making many fine prizes off the coast of North America, he shaped his course for Guinea, and there, off the Gold Coast, he took, after a fierce sea-battle, the *Nieuwstadt* of Amsterdam, a slaver. The survivors of the Dutch crew and seventeen slaves were taken prisoner. Captain Misson commanded that the unhappy blacks be set free, clothed out of the Dutch mariners' chests, and divided into messes among the pirates. For, he told his men, the trading for those of our own species could never be agreeable to the eyes of divine justice, and that, however these men might be distinguishd from the Europeans by their color, customs or religious rites, they were the work of the same omnipotent Being, and endued with equal reason. This speech was re-

ceived with general applause, and the ship rang with "Vive le Capitaine Misson!"

"All this while the greatest decorum and regularity was observed on board the *Victoire;* but the Dutch prisoners' example began to lead them into swearing and drunkenness, which the captain remarking, thought it best to nip those vices in the bud. . . . He told [the Dutch], that before he had the misfortune of having them on board, his ears were never grated with hearing the name of the great Creator prophaned, though he, to his sorrow, had often since heard his own men guilty of that sin. . . . That if they had a just idea of that great Being, they would never mention Him, but they would immediately reflect on His purity and their own vileness. . . . And before the Dutch were on board, his men were men, but he found that by their beastly pattern they were degenerated into brutes, by drowning that only faculty, which distinguishes between man and beast, reason. . . ." After more admonishment in this tenor, he pronounced, "that the first whom he caught either with an oath in his mouth or liquor in his head, should be brought to the gears, whipped and pickled for an example to the rest of the nation." [1] After this speech "the Dutch grew continent, in fear of punishment, and the French in fear of being reproached by their good Captain, for they never mention him without this epithet."

This good Captain Misson later settled on the island of Johanna, off Madagascar. He married the sister of the Queen, and with his men set up a model common-

[1] "Whipped and pickled": No doubt the punishment mentioned by Esquemeling in which the back is thoroughly lashed and the wounds anointed with lemon-juice, salt, and pepper.

wealth, of which you may read in Captain Johnson's sprightly pages.

But we were speaking of those articles of Captain Roberts's, and we were got to Article VI. On this head of wantonness the pirates were not commonly so nice, though indeed we read in the articles of Captain Phillips's crew that "If at any time you meet with a prudent woman, that man that offers to meddle with her, without her consent, shall suffer present death." No doubt Captain Roberts's liking for sobriety and decent behavior caused the insertion of this article, but also as a careful commander he could not permit the introduction to his ship of any women, those dangerous instruments of division and quarrel. Perhaps he remembered Mary Read and Anne Bonny, the female pirates who had fought so fiercely and courageously in the West Indies some three years before, but whose presence in a fo'c'sle was the banisher of harmony and the doom of what is today called "team play."

Article IX, which suggests the indemnities for wounds sustained in the public service, may call for further elucidation. This early form of accident insurance, or of workmen's compensation in industrial accidents, had been developed by the Buccaneers a half century before, and this article merely ratified the common custom. Esquemeling gives a set of benefits in detail: "for the loss of a right arm, 600 pieces of eight, or six slaves; for the left arm, 500 pieces of eight, or five slaves; for a right leg, 500 pieces of eight, or five slaves; for the left leg, 400 pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye, 100 pieces of eight, or one slave; for a finger, the same as for the eye, all which sums are taken out of the common stock of what is gotten by

their piracy, and a very exact and equal dividend is made of the remainder."

And as for the final article, that the musicians should have rest on the Sabbath day, this was a lucky thing for them, for the musicians had a hard lot of it on a pirate ship. The merry men were fond of music; Captain John Smith's crew landed boldly in the Orkney Islands, attacked a gentleman's house, and carried off a quantity of plate and a bagpiper to play before them. And in the trials of the men taken on Captain Roberts's ship, we read of the acquittal of William Church, Phil Haak, James White, and Nich. Brattle, who served as music on board the pirate, having been forced from the merchant ships they belonged to; "and they had, during this confinement, an uneasy life of it, having sometimes their fiddles and often their heads broke, only for excusing themselves or saying they were tired when any fellow took it in his head to demand a tune."

Let us now make a review of Captain Roberts's professional career. I shall, however, make no close examination of the glorious battles fought by the *Ranger* and the *Royal Fortune,* the victories won, the hardships suffered. It is the soul of Captain Roberts which shall hold us, as an example of the evil effects of piratical enterprise on character.

After Captain Roberts's election, he properly revenged upon the Portuguese of Prince's Island the murder of his predecessor, and then, after taking certain prizes, headed for Brazil. There they made a notable capture. Sighting a fleet of 42 sail of Portuguese ships, bound for Lisbon, Roberts fell in with them, passing for one of the convoy, and of a sudden

made a surprise attack and carried off his prize under the nose of two men-of-war. They proceeded to Devil's Island, off Surinam, "where they found the civilest reception imaginable, not only from the Governor and factory, but their wives, who exchanged wares and drove a considerable trade with them." Thence to Barbadoes, where a Bristol galley was fitted out to capture him, and came very near doing so. They then coasted north to Newfoundland, and entered the harbor of Trepassy with black colors flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding. There were two and twenty ships in the harbor, and these the pirates sank or burned. They took many prizes in these waters, among which was the ship *Samuel,* of London. J. F. Jameson, in his *Documents on Privateering and Piracy* [1] quotes an extract from the Boston News-Letter of August 22, 1720, which gives a vivid account, by the victims, of piratical procedure:

"The first thing the Pirates did, was to strip both Passengers and Seamen of all their Money and Cloths which they had on board, with a loaded Pistol held to every ones breast ready to shoot him down, who did not immediately give an account of both, and resign them up. The next thing they did was, with madness and rage to tare up the Hatches, enter the Hould like a parcel of Furies, where with Axes, Cutlashes, etc., they cut, tore, and broke open Trunks, Boxes, Cases and Bales, and when any of the Goods came upon Deck which they did not like to carry with them aboard their Ship, instead of tossing them into the Hould again they threw them over-board into the Sea. The usual method they had to open Chests was by shooting a brace

[1] New York, 1923.

of Bullets with a Pistol into the Key-hole to force them open. The Pirates carryed away from Capt. Carry's Ship aboard their own 40 barrels of Powder, two great Guns, his Cables, etc., and to the value of about nine or ten Thousand Pounds Sterling worth of the Choicest Goods he had on board. There was nothing heard among the Pirates all the while, but Cursing, Swearing, Dam'ing, and Blaspheming to the greatest degree imaginable, and often saying they would not go to Hope Point in the River of Thames to be hung up in Gibbets a sun-drying as Kidd and Bradish's Company did, for if it should chance that they should be Attacked by any Superiour power or force, which they could not master, they would immediately put fire with one of their Pistols to their Powder, and go all merrily to Hell together!" Captain Johnson gives an example of their blaspheming: they told Captain Cary "that they should accept of no Act of Grace; that the K—— and P——t might be damned with their Acts of Grace for them."

From the Banks they stood for the West Indies, and thence for the Cape Verde Islands. Somewhere hereabouts they were deserted by their consort, the *Good Fortune,* to which I shall again refer. Roberts got to leeward of his port and was obliged to go back westward with the trade wind. They steered for Surinam, which was 700 leagues distant, and they had but one hogshead of water for the ship's company of 124! Many of them died of thirst on this dreadful journey, but Providence at length brought the most of them safe to their destination.

From Surinam they came to Martinique, the Governor of which made an effort to take the ship prisoner. These purposes of the governors of Barbadoes and

Martinique so enraged Roberts "that he ordered a new jack to be made, which they ever after hoisted, with his own figure portrayed standing upon two skulls, and under them the letters ABH and AMH, signifying A Barbadian's and a Martinican's Head." At the mizzen peak they flew a flag with a Death on it, "with an hour-glass in one hand and cross-bones in the other, a dart by it, and underneath a heart dropping three drops of blood."

They cleaned ship on Hispaniola (Haiti) and headed again for Guinea, "where they thought to buy gold-dust very cheap." They came to Sierra Leone in June 1721, and were received with salutes of guns and much affability by the lawless English merchants of that place. Somewhere hereabouts they exchanged their old French ship for the *Onslow,* a fine frigate-built vessel belonging to the Royal African Company. In the port of Whydah they took eleven sail, which they ransomed for eight pounds of gold dust apiece, and as some of the Portuguese owners asked receipts, these were given in due form; "but being signed by two waggish fellows, *viz.,* Sutton and Sympson, they subscribed the names of Aaron Whifflingpin and Sim. Tugmutton."

But in these waters were two British men-of-war of fifty guns each, the *Swallow* and the *Weymouth,* whose chiefest purpose was the taking of pirates. Roberts had now three ships, the *Royal Fortune* (the former *Onslow*), and the big and little *Ranger.* The *Swallow* heaving in sight, Roberts took her to be a merchantman, and foolishly sent the big *Ranger* alone to bring her in. The *Swallow's* commander, Lieutenant Sun, fell in with this delusion of the pirates, and pretended to escape till he had drawn the *Ranger* far from her

convoy. "Alas, all turned sour in an instant." The *Swallow* hauled up her ports, brought down the pirates' topmast, and forced her to surrender. In the engagement ten pirates were killed and twenty wounded, but none of the King's men were touched. While the *Swallow's* boat was coming to fetch the prisoners, a frightful blast of smoke poured out of the great cabin; for half a dozen of the most desperate had drawn themselves around what powder was left them, and had fired a pistol into it; but no great damage was done. One of these furious fellows, William Main, was disfigured by the blast, having been blown out onto the deck. The Lieutenant asked him the reason for the explosion. "By G—," says he, "they are all mad and bewitched, for I have lost a good hat by it."

It was several days before the *Swallow* could return to the *Royal Fortune*. The pirates, all unsuspecting, took the man-of-war for a prize until she hauled up her ports and hoisted her proper colors. Roberts then "slipped his cable, got under sail, and ordered his men to arms, without any shew of timidity, dropping a first-rate oath, 'that it was a Bite,' but at the same time resolved, like a gallant rogue, to get clear or die." His resolution was to pass close to the *Swallow* with all sails out, and chance her broadside; their speed might perhaps unsettle the gunners' aim; if they should be disabled, as was probable, by this bold stroke, they would run ashore, and leave every one to shift for himself among the negroes; "or, failing in these devices, to board, and blow up together, for he saw that the greatest part of his men were drunk, passively courageous, and unfit for service.

"Roberts himself made a gallant figure, at the time

of the engagement, being dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in hand, and two pairs of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling, slung over his shoulders, according to the fashion of the pirates. He is said to have given his orders with boldness and spirit; coming, according to what he had purposed, close to the man of war, he received her fire, and then hoisted his black flag and returned it, shooting away from her with all the sail he could pack; . . . but he was taken aback with his sails, and the *Swallow* came a second time very nigh to him. He had now, perhaps, finished the fight very desperately, if Death, who took a swift passage in a grape shot, had not interposed, and struck him directly on the throat. He settled himself on the tackles of a gun; which one Stephenson, from the helm, observing, ran to his assistance, and not perceiving him wounded, swore at him, and bid him stand up, and fight like a man. But when he found his mistake, and that his captain was certainly dead, he gushed into tears, and wished the next shot might be his portion. They presently threw him overboard, with his arms and ornaments on, according to the repeated request he made in his lifetime." And thus he fulfilled a favorite toast of his: "D—n to him who ever lived to wear a halter."

When Roberts was gone, all the spirit went out of the crew; many deserted their quarters, and they allowed themselves to be captured with hardly a show of resistance. They were manacled and shackled and placed in the man-of-war's gun-room. Even there they were impudently merry in the true custom of pirates,

observing, of their thin commons, that they fell away so fast that they should not have weight left to hang them. "Sutton used to be very profane; he happening to be in the same irons with another prisoner who was more serious than ordinary, and read and prayed often as became his condition, this man Sutton used to swear at, and ask him, what he proposed by such noise and devotion? 'Heaven,' says the other, 'I hope.' 'Heaven, you fool,' says Sutton, 'did you ever hear of any pirates going thither? Give me H—ll, it's a merrier place; I'll give Roberts a salute of 13 guns at my entrance.' And when he found such ludicrous expressions had no effect on him, he made a formal complaint, and requested that the officer would remove this man, or take his prayer book away, as a common disturber."

The men were tried before a court of commissioners, merchants, and naval men at Cape Corso Castle, on the Guinea Coast. Fifty-two were there executed, 20 condemned to servitude, 2 respited, 17 delivered to the Marshalsea in London for further trial, and 74 acquitted as being forced men or for other reasons. Many of the condemned made an edifying end, but a number of them "walked to the gallows without a tear in token of sorrow for their past offences, or shewing so much concern as a man would express at travelling a bad road; nay, Sympson, at seeing a woman that he knew, said 'he had lain with that B—h three times, and now she was come to see him hang'd.' " These furious words recall the last speech of Dennis Macarty, one of Captain Augur's men, executed at Providence in the Bahamas in 1718. Says he, "Some friends of mine have often said that I should die in my shoes, but I will make them liars," and so kicked them off and was hoist.

Another of this same band, on being bidden to repent of his wickedness, replied, "Yes, I do heartily repent. I repent I had not done more mischief, and that we did not cut the throats of them that took us; and I am extremely sorry that you aren't all hanged as well as we." So with this wry jest he was swung off to hell.

Let us now leave these coarse fellows and concern ourselves with Captain Roberts. Here was a man of good parts and, as appeared in the event, a courageous and resourceful commander, who had come to a good billet in the merchant service. He was a man of forty, of an exemplary record, so far as is known, when his ship was taken and he was impressed into the pirate service. We have his word that his enlistment was against his will; and it may well be that when he was elected Captain he accepted the post out of prudent regard for the electors, men sensitive to reflections upon their calling. He was even a religious man; he kept his Bible with him, and as well a certain godly habit of speech. When cleaning ship in Hispaniola, he was visited in the social way by Porter and Tuckerman, two novice pirates. Roberts was won by them, gave them powder, arms, and other necessaries, spent two or three merry nights with them, and on parting said that he "hoped the L—— would prosper their handiworks." Again, when they took the *Onslow* off Guinea, they found a clergyman upon her, and he and his men were for keeping the cleric, alleging that they wanted a chaplain on board. "They offered him a share to take on with them, promising he should do nothing for his money but make punch and say prayers." The parson however, having no relish for this sort of life, nor, as we may regret, sufficient hardihood to turn these sinners

from their way of life, Roberts set him free with all his possessions, keeping of the Church's property only three prayer-books and a cork-screw. Roberts might even have emulated that French buccaneer who shot one of his men in church for irreverence at Mass,[1] or Captain Condent, that stalwart Protestant pirate, who, on taking a priest, would make him say Mass at the mainmast, and would afterwards get on his back and ride him about the decks, or else load and drive him like a beast.

The post of chaplain aboard a pirate, though irregular, was not unexampled. Dr. Blackbourne was said to have had such a cure of souls in his younger days. He later returned to England, where his natural parts were soon rewarded by ecclesiastical eminence. When Sir Charles Wager heard of his promotion to the see of York, "What," said he, "my friend Dr. Blackbourne made archbishop of York! I ought to have been preferred to it before him, as I was the elder buccaneer of the two!"[2] Horace Walpole thus qualifies the reverend gentleman: "Blackbourne, the jolly old Archbishop of York, who had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a Buccaneer; and was a clergyman; but he retained nothing of his first profession except his seraglio."[3]

We may well marvel what demon lurked in the spirit of our sedate merchantman's officer, to turn him in sober middle age to the maddest of sea-rovers. What power, that could make his men follow him with apos-

[1] Masefield: *On the Spanish Main,* London, 1906.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1777), 376.
[3] *Memoirs of the Reign of King George II* (1847), I, 87. Granger's Biographical Dictionary scouts this story, but Walpole asserts that he knew the old gentleman well.

tolic zeal? Roger Ball, who was taken on the *Ranger,* "raved on the bravery of Roberts, saying he should shortly be released as soon as they should meet him, which procured him a lashing down upon the fo'c'sle, which he resisting with all his force, caused him to be used with the more violence, so that he was tied down with so much severity that, his flesh being sore and tender, he died next day of a mortification." And we have already read how Roberts's death broke the courage of his men.

He was not a cruel man. Only one act of wantonness is recorded, and in that case the blame may not clearly be charged against him. I refer to the burning of the *Porcupine* in Whydah roads, with some eighty slaves, shackled two and two together, left upon her to choose between death by fire and by water. But from the account it seems that this barbarity is to be attributed to the haste of the men he sent to disembark the negroes. We read of nothing in his life to compare with the frantic deeds of Lolonois, in Esquemeling's record, who with his cutlass cut open the breast of a Spaniard, "and pulling out his heart, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth, like a ravenous wolf, saying to the rest, 'I will serve you all alike, if you shew me not another way.'" Of a similar ravening temper was Captain Low, who had a Portuguese captain's lips cut off and broiled before his face; and Captain Condent's gunner tore out, broiled, and ate the heart of a faithless comrade. But we may be sure that such unnatural rogues would have received short shrift on the *Royal Fortune.*

Did remorse stir Roberts's bosom as he reflected upon his way of life? He confessed as much; he had

"shed, as he used to tell the freshmen, as many crocodile tears as they did now, but time and good company had wore it off." The student of human vagaries may recognize in these words as much regret as scorn of his earlier self, for the tears had sprung from the secret fountains of virtue, and in his later character he was obliged to mock at them only to persuade himself that his wickedness was admirable to honest fellows. He had his version of his reason for embracing the piratical career; "he frankly own'd, it was to get rid of the disagreeable superiority of some masters he was acquainted with, and the love of novelty and change that maritime peregrinations had accustom'd him to. 'In an honest service,' said he, 'there is thin commons, low wages, and hard labour; in this, plenty and satiety, pleasure and ease, liberty and power; and who would not ballance creditor on this side, when all the hazard that is run for it, at worst, is only a sour look or two at choaking? No, a merry life and a short one shall be my motto." Thus he preached himself into an approbation of what he first abhorred, and a scorn of what had once been his pride. So in our commercial world a man who has been discharged his position righteously condemns his old employ, and finds virtue in his shaking off of it.

In one thing he kept always a memory of his old principles and a tender regard for the consciences of others. He would never force men into pirate service, however great his need of a carpenter or surgeon or other artist. To some he gave discharges at their mere wish. When the *Onslow* was taken, he called the men aft and asked "who was willing to go, for he would force nobody?" as was deposed in the trial. But most

of the sailors voluntarily joined, as did a troop of soldiers, passengers on the ship, "whose ears being constantly tickled with the feats and gallantry of those fellows, likewise offered themselves. But here the pirates were at a stand, they entertained so contemptible a notion of landmen, that they put 'em off with refusals for some time, till at length being weary'd with solicitations, and pitying a parcel of stout fellows, who, they said, were going to starve upon a little canky and plantane, they accepted them, and allowed them a quarter share out of charity."

Stern as he was with his men, Roberts possessed one quality which must be counted in his favor, I mean love of fun. Of this I have already given some examples; it would certainly appear that life on the *Royal Fortune* was full of jollity. When, for example, he took the *Flushing,* a Dutch ship, his men teased the skipper by "taking some fine sausages he had on board, of his wife's making, and stringing them in a ludicrous manner round their necks, till they had sufficiently shew'd their contempt of them, and then they threw them into the sea. Others chopp'd the heads of the fowls off, to be dressed for their supper, and courteously invited the landlord, provided he would find liquor. It was a melancholy request to the man, but it must be comply'd with, and he was obliged, as they grew drunk, to sit quietly and hear them sing French and Spanish songs out of his Dutch prayer book, with other prophaneness, that he (though a Dutch man) stood amazed at."

Pirates, perhaps from the whimsicality of their way of life, were always humorists, and that from the most ancient times. Captain Johnson, in his learned intro-

duction, tells of the Mediterranean pirates of classical days. When they took a ship they would enquire of their captives their names and countries, and if any said he was a Roman they would fall upon their knees, "as if in a fright at the greatness of his name, and begged pardon for what they had done, and imploring his mercy, they used to perform the offices of servants about his person. And when they found they had deceived him into a belief of their being sincere, they hung out the ladder of the ship and coming with a great show of courtesy, told him he had his liberty, desiring him to walk out of the ship, and this in the middle of the sea. And when they observed him in surprise, as was natural, they used to throw him overboard with mighty shouts of laughter." And their cruelty, as our author explains in another place, was often subordinate to their desire for a good jest; "they almost as often murdered a man from the excess of good humor as out of passion and resentment." The pirates were fond of games, and in one of them, called "the sweat," their humor was exactly that displayed in fraternity initiations in our institutions of learning. "They stick up lighted candles circularly round the mizon-mast, between decks, within which the patients one at a time enter. Without the candles the pirates post themselves, as many as can stand, forming another circle, and armed with pen-knives, tucks, forks, compasses, etc., and as he runs round and round, the musick playing at the same time, they prick him with those instruments. This usually lasts for ten or twelve minutes, which is as long as the miserable man can support himself."

A parcel of Captain Roberts's men abandoned him

off Cape Verde in the brigantine *Good Fortune,* and, under Captain Anstis, went pirating on their own account. After taking plenty of good prizes, they determined to petition His Majesty for a pardon, and while awaiting the royal pleasure, they settled down quietly on an island off Cuba, and there they passed their time in dancing and other diversions. They would amuse themselves by appointing a mock Court of Judicature to try one another for piracy; and Captain Johnson had from a witness an account of their laughable doings. I shall make some extracts which will, I hope, inspire some to review the full minutes of these proceedings. "The judge got up in a tree and had a dirty tarpaulin hung over his shoulders; this was done by way of robe, with a thrum cap on his head, and a large pair of spectacles upon his nose. . . . The criminals were brought out, making a thousand sour faces; and one who acted as Attorney-General opened the charge against them. . . .

"Attorn.-Gen.: An't please your lordship and you gentlemen of the jury, here is a fellow before you that is a sad dog, a sad, sad dog; and I humbly hope your lordship will order him to be hanged out of the way immediately. . . . He has committed worse villainies than all these, for we shall prove that he has been guilty of drinking small beer; and your lordship knows that never was a sober fellow but what was a rogue. My lord, I should have spoke much finer than I do now, but that, as your lordship knows, our rum is all out, and how should a man speak good Law that has not drunk a dram? However, I hope your Lordship will order the fellow to be hanged.

"Judge: Hearkee me, Sirrah, you lousy, pitiful, ill-

looked dog; what have you to say why you should not be tucked up immediately and set a-sun-drying, like a scarecrow?. . .

"Pris.: But I hope your Lordship will hear some reason.

"Judge: D'ye hear how the scoundrel prates? What have we to do with reason? I'd have you know, scoundrel, we don't sit here to hear reason; we go according to Law. Is our dinner ready?

"Attorn.-Gen.: Yes, my Lord.

"Judge: Then heark'ee, you rascal at the bar, hear me, Sirrah, hear me. You must suffer for three reasons: first, because it is not fit I should sit here as judge and nobody be hanged; secondly, you must be hanged because I am hungry; for know, Sirrah, that 'tis a custom that whenever the judge's dinner is ready before the trial is over, the prisoner is to be hanged of course. There's Law for you, ye dog!"

But the best example of pirate humors is to be found in the account of Captain Bellamy, whose ship, the *Whidaw,* was lured upon the coast of Cape Cod and wrecked near Wellfleet in 1717, drowning all hands but seven. You may read of this notorious wreck in the Rev. Cotton Mather's journals and in other documents of the time.[1] One of the brisk lads on the *Whidaw* was a stroller, or strolling-player, who after various turns of fortune, had joined company with these "marine heroes, the scourge of tyrants and avarice, and the brave asserters of liberty." This waggish fellow found idle days at sea wearisome to one of his temper, and felt that stir of dramatic composition so frequently to be

[1] The wreck was still visible in 1863. See Thoreau: *Cape Cod,* and Mary R. Bangs: *Old Cape Cod* (Boston, 1920).

noted among actors retired from the stage. He made a play which was acted on the quarter-deck to great applause, as passengers today beguile their leisure with a Ship's Concert.[1] Of this play, called "The Royal Pirate," but two lines are extant; yet they are lines which exerted a power scarcely to be matched in the whole history of the drama. "Alexander the Great, environed by his guards, was examining a Pirate who was brought before him. Said Alexander:

> Know'st thou that Death attends thy mighty crimes,
> And thou shall'st hang tomorrow morn betimes!"

Thereat the gunner, who was drunk, "swore 'by G–d he'd try that,' and running into the gun room, where he left three companions over a bowl of rum punch as drunk as himself, told them, 'They were going to hang honest Jack Spinkes, and if they suffered it, they should all be hanged one after another, but, by G–d, they should not hang him, for he'd clear the decks,' and taking a grenade with a lighted match, followed by his comrades with their cutlass, he set fire to the fuse and threw it among the actors." In the mellay Alexander had his left arm cut off, and Jack Spinkes his leg broke. After the uproar was quieted Alexander was mollified for the loss of his arm by obtaining the death of him who had cut it off. "The gunner and two surviving comrades were that night clapped into irons, and the next day at a court martial not only acquitted but applauded for their zest. Alexander and his enemies were reconciled and the play forbade any more to be acted."

[1] The fanciful might surmise that the proceeds went to the Destitute Pirates' Fund.

This unhappy stroller was killed not long after in an engagement with a French troopship off Newfoundland. He died, no doubt, without regret, for although his play had never come to its final curtain, it had been paid the highest compliment an audience has ever rendered to verisimilitude.

I think that this is enough about pirates.

BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW

BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW

THE Rev. Joseph Glanvill, Arnold's Scholar Gypsy, the distinguished author of The Vanity of Dogmatizing and Sadducismus Triumphatus, left his studies in Oxford to join a vagabond gypsy band. "Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery." His adventure is still common talk among the lettered; all reading people know as well of George Borrow's adventures among the Zincali. A gypsy convert less familiar to our own day is Bampfylde-Moore Carew, that young gentleman of family who joined the maunders and who came in time to be the King of the Gypsies.

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew was descended from the ancient family of the Carews. His father was rector of the parish of Brickley, near Tiverton in Devon. I shall quote from the life of our hero by an anonymous author, and indeed I think I shall do a deal of quoting before I make an end, for I love his old-fashioned magniloquence. "Mr. Carew was born in the month of July 1693; and never was there known a more splendid appearance of gentlemen and ladies of the first rank and quality at any baptism in the west of England, than at his; the honourable Hugh Bampfylde, Esq. (who afterwards died of an unfortunate fall from his horse) and the honourable Major Moore, were both

his illustrious godfathers, both of whose names he bears; who some time contending who should be the president (doubtless presaging the honour that should redound to them from the future actions of our hero) the affair was determined by throwing up a piece of money, which was won by Mr. Bampfylde; who upon this account presented a large piece of plate, whereon was engraved in large letters, BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW." By this happy turn of fate was the babe blessed with a name which falls more sweetly on the ear than the inventions of any novel-writer.

Being as a boy in Tiverton school, he attained a very considerable knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues. His scholarly progress was, however, diminished by an excessive pleasure in hunting. "Our hero, by indefatigable study and application, contrived a remarkable cheering halloo to the dogs, of very great service to the exercise, and which we believe is peculiar to himself; and besides this, found out a secret hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any dogs whatever to follow him." The Tiverton scholars possessing a fine cry of hounds, young Mr. Carew came to spend many of those hours in the chase which might better have been employed in mastering the tongues of antiquity. It was indeed his devotion to this sport that brought his abandonment of civil life.

A group of these Tiverton scholars perceived one day a fine deer with a collar about his neck. Notwithstanding that they took him to be the tame favorite of some gentleman, they gave chase and ran him many miles before the kill, doing a great deal of damage to the corn in their passage. His owner, Colonel Nutcombe of Clayhanger parish, thereupon so severely

threatened the schoolmaster that the young gentlemen absented themselves from school upon the following day. They took refuge in an ale-house, and fell into company with a society of gypsies, who were there feasting and carousing. "After a plentiful meal upon fowls, ducks, and other dainty dishes, the flowing cups of October cider, &c, went most cheerfully round, and merry songs and country dances crowned the jovial banquet. In short, so great an air of freedom, mirth, and pleasure appeared in the faces and gestures of this society, that our youngsters from that time conceived a sudden inclination to enlist into their company." The offer was at length accepted by the gypsies, and the boys were admitted to their band, with all proper oaths and ceremonials.

In this way of life they continued for a year and a half, with much satisfaction in their roving existence and in their company with these merry and ancient people. At the end of this time, drawn by some homesickness, they returned to their own kinsfolk. "The whole neighborhood, particularly the two parishes of Cadley and Brickley, partook of this joy: and there was nothing for some time but ringing of bells, with public feasting, and other marks of festive joy." Yet, though all his friends strove who should most entertain him, Carew was not happy. The oaths he had taken, and more, the regret for the wet roads and the smoke of camps in wayside dingles, would not leave him at ease among the parishioners of Brickley. Again he fled, and took himself to the general assembly of the gypsies, where he renewed his vows.

For a time now he gave himself to marauding cruises upon all established folk, enemies of the gypsies. He

would disguise himself as a shipwrecked seaman, "equipping of himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his nakedness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes which had leaks enough to sink a first-rate man of war, and a woollen cap so black, that one might more safely swear it had not been washed since Noah's flood, than many electors can, that they have received no bribes." This personation he would alternate with that of a plain honest country farmer who had had the misfortune to have his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. When these two characters came to weary him, he played the part of poor Mad Tom, "whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud at heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch bridges, to curse his own shadow for a traitor; who eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat and ditch dog, drinks the green mantle off the standing pool. . . . In this character our hero entered the house of great and small, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions, such as beating himself, offering to eat coals of fire, running against the wall, and tearing to pieces whatever garments were given him to cover his nakedness; by which means he raised very considerable contributions."

Eager of learning, he did not squander these contributions on ephemeral joys. He gave a handsome gratuity to an expert and famous rat-catcher, who assumed

the honor of being rat-catcher to the King; he was initiated into the hermetic cunning of that craft, as too into the secrets of curing madness in dogs and cattle. Eager also to improve himself by the advantages of travel, he with his school-fellow Escott, a companion of his first escapade and still an occasional gypsy, embarked on a ship bound for Newfoundland, a large island off the coast of North America. In that uncomfortable country he visited all the settlements, made careful note of the remarkable features of the region, and made a complete inspection of the cod fisheries. Having taken a store of profitable observations, he returned to Dartmouth, "bringing with him a surprising fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb, by an art which is peculiar to himself. . . .

"It was about this time that our hero became sensible of the power of love; we mean of that sort which has more of the mind than the body, and which is tender, delicate, and constant; the object of which remains constantly fixed in the mind, like the arrow in the wounded deer. It was in the town of Newcastle, so famous for its coal-works, which our hero visited out of curiosity, appearing there undisguised, and making a very genteel appearance, that he became enamoured with the daughter of Mr. G——, an eminent apothecary and surgeon there." As it may be apprehended that the daughter of an eminent apothecary and surgeon would have prejudices against a member of the gypsy band, he was driven by love's ingenious counselling to present himself as the mate of a collier's vessel then lying in harbor; and in this merry shift he was abetted by the captain, a good friend of his. Carew's

uncommon faculties of persuasion quickly won the young lady, and she embarked with him on the collier, the captain still supporting his passenger's comical imposture. At the revelation of his true estate, she was not a little troubled; yet more ample reflection upon her loved one's condition, and the imperious shafts of Cupid, removed all hesitancy from her mind. The pair disembarked at Dartmouth, and journeyed thence to Bath, where their nuptials were celebrated with great gayety and splendor. We have the assurance of our hero himself that on this prothalamian journey "not the least indignity was offered to the innocence or modesty of his dear Miss Gray."

The hymenæal bliss of the happy pair was only interrupted by the stern summons of duty. They were the guests of the bridegroom's uncle, a clergyman of distinguished merit and character. He labored in vain to convert young Bampfylde-Moore from his way of life. All the effect of his example was to suggest to the nephew an appropriate character for his next expedition. "He equips himself in a long loose black gown, puts on a band, a large white peruke, and a broad brimmed hat; his whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance thoughtful and grave, his eyes turned on the ground, but now and then raised in seeming ejaculations to heaven." Thus as a Welsh clergyman, dispossessed of his cure through conscience' mandate, he made a very satisfactory garnering from the godly. Then, hearing of a vessel full of Quakers being cast away on the coast, "he laid aside his gown, cassock, and band, clothes himself in a plain suit, pulls the button from his hat, and flaps it on every side; his countenance was

now demure, his language unadorned with any flowers of speech, and the words You and Sir he seemed to hold in abomination; his hat was moved to none, for though under misfortunes, he would not think of bowing the knee to Baal."

But how to tell of all his jolly pranks and witty devices? He loved to befuddle those who knew him well by appearing before them in disguises they could not penetrate. It was thus he came to Squire Portman's, at Brinson, near Blandford, as a rat-catcher, with a hairy cap upon his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side. After many mystifications he revealed himself, and Mr. Pleydell, there present, laid him a guinea that he would recognize Carew in whatever disguise he might show himself. The next day the rat-catcher jumped into petticoats, pinned a large dowde under his chin, and put a high crowned hat on his head. He then borrowed three deformed children from his community, tying two to his back, and carrying the other in his arms. He marched, thus hung with infants, to Mr. Pleydell's. When come to the door, he shrewdly pinched the children to set them roaring; and by the excellence of his imposture he utterly deceived all the gentlemen. Departing with a good pocket-full of shillings, he suddenly halloo'd with a tantivy, tantivy to the dogs; and thereupon he returned and received his guinea at the hands of the discomfited Mr. Pleydell. Of his other triumphs there is no space to tell. Those who will seek out the biography by his, alas, unnamed friend, will find there how he was honorably received by his Grace the Duke of Bolton, how in one day he levied three contributions in three different disguises upon his good

friend Sir William Courtney, and many another pleasant adventure.

"It was about this time the good old King of the mendicants, named Clause Patch, well known in the city of London, and most parts of England, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding the decays of nature increase every day, and his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance." He was brought in a high chair, and placed in the midst of them, his children standing next to him, and his subjects behind them. He addressed to them a long, wise, and moral discourse, and resigned his kingship, adjuring them to have all care in choosing the most worthy to be his successor.

Before the day of the election a vast concourse of mendicants flocked to the city of London from all parts of the kingdom. This function, conducted with all sobriety and decorum, might well serve as a model for the elections of larger polities. "The candidates are obliged, ten days before the election, to fix up in some place of their public resort an account of those actions, upon the merit of which they found their pretensions: to which they must add their opinions on liberty, and the office and duties of a king; they must during these ten days, appear every day at the place of election, that their electors may have an opportunity of forming some judgment from the lineaments and prognostics of their countenance." Our hero offered himself as one of the candidates, and such was the distinction of his record and the charm of his presence that he was elected King

over ten contestants. Homage was done to him by the whole assembly, and the ceremony was concluded with great feasting and jollity.

The sweet beckonings of indolence might have allured another man thus raised to high estate. Carew, for all his kingship, did not cease to ply his trade with every diligence throughout the south and west of England. At length, on an ill day, he was treacherously apprehended by Mr. Leithbridge, a Justice of the Peace, or queer cuffin in the cant language. Notwithstanding that the Gypsy King was innocent of all crime, this inexorable justice obtained for him a sentence of banishment to Maryland for seven years. Mr. Carew heard the pronouncement with Stoic calm, vowing only that he would be home in England before the ship which should bear him away. He was, with a throng of other convicts, conducted on board the *Julian,* Captain Froad.

The account of our hero's sojourn in the colonies, in the year, it would seem, of 1740, combines with much instruction upon the state of society in those parts an edifying narrative of man's steadfastness under misfortune. The vessel cast anchor in Miles River, in Talbot County. "The captain ordered a gun to be fired as a signal for the planters to come down, and then went ashore; he soon after sent on board a hogshead of rum, and ordered all the men prisoners to be close shaved against the next morning, and the women to have their best head-dresses put on, which occasioned no little hurry on board, for between the trimming of beards, and putting on of caps, all hands were fully employed. Early in the morning the captain ordered public notice to be given of the day of sale; and the prisoners,

who were pretty near a hundred, were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board. . . . Their inquiry was, if the captain had brought them a good store of joiners, carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, and tailors; upon which the captain called out one Griffy, a tailor, who had lived at Chumleigh, in the county of Devon; and was obliged to take a voyage to Maryland, for making too free with his neighbours' sheep; two planters, who were parson Nicholas and Mr. Rolls, asked him, if he was sound in wind and limb? and told him, it would be worse for him if he told them an untruth, and at last purchased him of the captain. The poor tailor cried and bellowed like a bellwether, cursing his wife who had betrayed him. Mr. Carew like a brave man, to whom every soil is his own country, ashamed of his cowardice, gave the tailor to the devil. . . . Wherefore all these wailings, says our hero, have we not a fine glorious country before us? . . . When all the best tradesmen were bought up, a planter came to Mr. Carew, and asked him what trade he was of? Mr. Carew, to satisfy him of his usefulness, told him he was a rat-catcher, a mendicant, and a dog-merchant: what the d——l trades are these, replied the planter in astonishment." The sad captain, despairing of turning Mr. Carew to any good purpose, concluded that he was fit only to be a schoolmaster. To make such profit of him he took our hero to a tavern, and discussed his merits over a bowl of punch. While the haggling went on, Mr. Carew slipped away from a controversy in which he took no interest, taking with him a pint of brandy and some biscuit cakes. Shortly after apprehended, he was cast into New Town gaol. He contrived to

apprize certain sea-captains with whom he was acquainted of his immurement. And here we read one of the most noble decisions of his exemplary life. His friends the captains offered to buy him and to restore him to society in England; but "dame Honour, with a majestic mien, forbade him, sounding loudly in his ears how it would read in future story, that the ingenious Mr. Carew had no contrivance left to regain his lost liberty, but meanly to purchase it at his friends' expense." He refused the amazed captains' proffer, and desired only that they should inform Captain Froad of his being there. This done, the tyrannic captain repossessed himself of his property, and bade the boatswain give the unfortunate Mr. Carew many ignominious stripes with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Captain Froad then led him to a blacksmith, and had fitted to him a heavy iron collar, called a pot-hook, which in Maryland is usually put about the necks of runaway slaves. Mr. Carew was then put to the meanest and most galling of the ship's drudgeries. From this situation he was aided to escape by his friends the captains, they warning him however that he must avoid all the settlers, for there was forty pounds penalty and half a year's imprisonment for any who should remove his iron collar. They counseled him that he should make his way to the friendly Indians, bewaring as of the whites of the two tribes of hostile, ferocious, and pestilent savages. They warned him likewise of the rattlesnakes, horn-snakes, black-snakes, lions, leopards, bears, wolves, and wild-cats, and gave him his directions and as well a pocket-compass, a steel and tinderbox, a bag of cakes, a cheese, and some rum. Thus equipped, he slipped away from the ship and took refuge in the

recesses of the forest. During the night, his ears were assailed with the dismal yells and cryings of wild beasts; he was able to fend them off only by swinging a firebrand round his head the whole night through. By day he slept in trees, and traveled by night until he was well quit of inhabited country, meeting many terrifying adventures by the way.

At length he came upon five Indians; his terror lest they be of the hostile sort was allayed when he perceived them to be carrying guns in their hands, "a sure sign they were the friendly Indians. He approached them in a suppliant manner, making signs that he craved their assistance. The Indians accosted him with clapping their hands on their heads, and crying, Hush me a top, which in their language signifies, good-morrow; then taking hold of his collar, they repeated to one another, in broken English, a run-away! a run-away!" Presently an Indian of majestic mien approached, their king or prince. Taking the steel of Mr. Carew's tinderbox, he jagged it into a kind of saw, and cut off the victim's collar, "but not without much labour, his majesty sweating heartily at the work." This noble savage was by name George Lillycraft, and was son of one of those kings who were in England in the reign of Queen Anne. He received Mr. Carew with every evidence of affection, had him eat at the king's table, and presented him to the wisos, or chief men of the town. Ere long Mr. Carew, by his natural gifts, came to be held in the highest esteem, and was consulted in all matters of difficulty. He was grown into so great a respect among them, that they offered him a wife out of the principal families of the place. "But our hero, notwithstanding these honours, could not forget his native

country, the love of which glowed within his breast." He therefore formed the design of leaving them; and one day during a great festivity by Duck Creek in what is now Delaware, he took a canoe and slipped away, coming ere long to the town of Newcastle.

To one who has been long in the hands of savage Indians, it is indeed an occasion of great felicity to resume the humdrum duties of civilization. Mr. Carew now being got among the settlements of Quakers, naturally took on the semblance and speech of those people, for your true mendicant must ever be ready to submit his own convictions to the duties of his calling. With a dismal tale of kidnapings and hardships he obtained a great deal of money from the worthy Friends of Newcastle, Castile, and Chester. In the town of Darby, hearing men cry that "the second Christ is come!" he followed the throng and heard the celebrated Mr. Whitefield preaching in an orchard. He was deeply affected with it, and "strictly imitated the Quakers in all their sighs, groans, lifting up of the eyes, etc." Being eager to shake the hand of this holy man, he drew up a petition, in the name of John Moor, the son of a clergyman, who had been carried into the Havannah and, having got his redemption, was now in the most deplorable circumstances. Mr. Whitefield was much moved by this petition, and gave our hero three or four pounds of paper money. Mr. Whitefield then "went away singing psalms with those that were about him, and we make no doubt that Mr. Carew joined with them in the melody of his heart, for the good success he had."

He came then to the stately city of Philadelphia, the pious inhabitants of which he found not loath to do

good and to distribute. He applied at the home of Proprietor Penn himself. "The door was opened to him by a negro, with a silver collar round his neck." From Mr. Penn he levied a guinea, and he had a like success with the Governor, Mr. Thomas. He then visited Burlington, Perth Amboy, Elizabeth Town, New York, Long Island, Seabroke, Seaford, and New London, in each place testing the generosity of the inhabitants and making many observations of interest on the character and noteworthy monuments of the country. In New York "he was surprised at the sight of a great number of gibbets, with blacks hanging upon them; but upon inquiring, he found the negroes had not long before entered into a conspiracy of burning the whole city; but the plot being timely discovered, great numbers were executed, and hung up to terrify others."

Now feeling a strong desire to see again his native land, his faithful subjects, and his sorrowing wife and daughters, he took passage in a ship bound for Bristol. When not far from land, "our hero, who knew that fortune, like a common jilt, often puts on the fairest smiles when she is about to discard you, thought it prudent to provide against her slippery tricks as much as lay in his power. He therefore pricked his arms and breast with a needle, and then rubbed it with salt and gunpowder, which made it appear like the smallpox coming out; in the night time he groaned very dismally, till at length the captain called to him to know the reason of his groaning so in his sleep. Alas! sir, replied he, I have been dreaming my poor wife was dead, and that she died of the smallpox. Be of good cheer, man, says the captain, dreams are but fables." With this comfort he passed the night, and in the morning they

made Lundy Island and shipped a pilot to take them up to Bristol. This pilot brought the bad news that the Ruby man of war, Captain Goodyre (who later murdered his brother, Sir John Goodyre, Bart., and was hanged) lay in King Road, and was pressing all the men he could lay hold of. "Mr. Carew, hearing this, immediately comes upon deck, with his blanket upon his shoulders, and pretended to vomit over the ship's side." The captain gave his wise opinion that poor John's frightful dream had brought the smallpox out upon him, and the pilot, inspecting him, fell in accord. Coming to King Road the next morning, Mr. Carew "thought it advisable to take a pretty large quantity of warm water into his belly, and quickly after, to their great concern, they saw the Ruby man of war lying in the road, with jack, ensign, and pendant hoisted." At this the sailors, who had been so jovial before, were struck with a dreadful panic, which was not diminished when a lieutenant came on board in a man-of-war's boat. The captain, wishing him at the d—l, none the less asked him aft politely to take a dram of rum. After some courteous conversation, "I must have your hands, sir, said the lieutenant: come in, barge crew, and do your duty. No sooner were the words spoken, than the crew leaped upon the deck, and the lieutenant ordered all the ship's company aft, saying he wanted to talk with them. He then accosted them with an oratorical harangue: 'Gentlemen sailors,' said he, 'I make no doubt but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and not as pressed men: if you go like brave men freely you will have your bounty money, and liberty to go on shore and kiss your landladies.' Though this oration was pronounced with as much self-applause

as Cicero felt, when by the force of his eloquence he made Caesar, the master of the world, to tremble; or as the vehement Demosthenes, when he used to thunder against King Philip; yet we are not quite certain whether it was the power of eloquence alone that persuaded the men to enter voluntarily; or whether, being seated between the two rocks of Scylla and Charybdis, it was indifferent to them which they dashed upon; however this was, all but one of the men entered (though with sad hearts) without being pressed: which we make no doubt, the lieutenant attributed to the eloquence of his oration.

"The lieutenant observing a stout fellow in a frock and trowsers, who did not come aft with the other men, asked the captain who he was? the captain replied, he was an Indian, and a brave sailor, so called him by his name. Wat ye want wit mee, replies the Indian, mee won't come, dammee. Upon which the lieutenant sent some of the barge crew to bring him forwards, which the brave Indian perceiving, caught hold of a handspike, and put himself in a posture of defence, crying out to the barge crew who came towards him, Damme, ye meddle wit mee, mee dash your brains out. The crew finding him resolute, did not think proper to attack him: upon which the lieutenant asked him, if he would serve king George: Dam king George, mee know no king George: mee be an Indian, mee have a king in my own country, whom mee loves and fightee for, because he be de very good king: at which the lieutenant and captain fell a laughing, and left him.

"Are these all your men, says the lieutenant? Yes, replied the captain, except one old man who dreamed the other night that his wife died of the small-pox, and

was so much frighted, that the small-pox is come out upon him. The captain then ordered the bills to be made out for what was due to the men, and asked his lieutenant in the mean while to walk down and taste his rum. Accordingly down comes the lieutenant, humming a tune. Mr. Carew hearing this, prepared himself, and taking an opportunity of putting his finger down his throat, discharges his stomach just under the lieutenant's feet, crying out in a most lamentable tone at the same time, O, my head! O, my back! What! cries the lieutenant very hastily, is this the fellow who has the small-pox? No, no, replies he, I have had the small-pox many years ago, and have been with sir Charles Wager and sir George Walton up the Baltic, and do, for God's sake take me on board your ship, noble captain, for I only want to be blooded. The lieutenant ships out his snuff-box, and claps it to his nose, swearing that he would not take him on board for five hundred pounds, for he was enough to infect a whole ship's crew; that the devil should take him before he would, hurrying at the same time as fast as he could into the great cabin. When he came there, Mr. Carew heard him complaining how unfortunate it was that he should come on board then, as he never had the small-pox himself. When the rest of the men had had their bills made out, the captain said, come, old John, I will have your bill made out too; which was accordingly done, and amounted to seven pounds ten shillings, for which the captain gave him a draught on merchant Lidiate of Bristol. The captain then ordered the boat to put him on shore; he beseeched the captain to let him die on board; No, no, says the captain, by all means take him on shore: Ay, ay, says the

lieutenant, take him on shore. Then the captain called to some of the sailors, to help the poor old man over the side of the ship, and out came Mr. Carew, and so well did he counterfeit, that he seemed a most deplorable object of compassion. The boat being got a little distance from the ship, was called back again, and the lieutenant tossed him half a guinea, and charged him not to go into the city of Bristol, for that he was enough to infect the whole city."

Our hero, having thus set foot once more in his own beloved country, made good use of his small-pox sores to profit him in his progress toward his home county. He was soon happily reunited with his wife and daughters, amid the greatest of rejoicing, and paid a visit to his friends and kin of the parish of Brickley. The region sounded with his praises, and not least because he had returned to England before his erstwhile oppressor, Captain Froad, as he had vowed on the occasion of his being transported.

Of Mr. Carew's thousand other diverting adventures: how he comically laid a ghost in a haunted house; how he himself appeared as a ghost and terrified a bellman who had ill-used him; how he taught his tiny daughter to reply "Drowned in a boat" to any who should ask her what had become of her mammy; how he visited Ireland and was received with a thousand civilities by the Irish gentry; how he persuaded the excisemen to search in every out-house and kennel of an unoffending country squire for a great quantity of run goods; how he was impressed into His Majesty's navy, and, deserting his ship at Reval in Muscovy, walked overland to Riga and Dantzig, and returned home only after having visited Stockholm; how he

fobbed off a troublesome babe upon a gay bachelor "who was a great admirer of that order of female travellers called Cousin Betties"; how he journeyed to Paris in a business way; how a second time he was infamously apprehended, clapped in a convict ship, and again carried to Maryland, whence again escaping, he made his way even to Boston, making many interesting observations by the way (as that the presses of Boston are generally full of work, owing to the number of colleges and schools of useful learning, while in New York there was but one bookseller's shop, and as that the goodness of the pavement of Boston may compare with most in London, and that to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit); how he returned again to England before the ship which had borne him away; and how the mayor of Bridgewater caused the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk; and to be brief how our hero and his fellow mumpers roved the ways of England with their jolly dimbermorts, making a jest of all sober men and finding delight at every day's end; of all this you may read in that book of Mr. Carew's life and adventures from which I have already copied so many pages. I shall tell you only one more story, and that because it will introduce you to a gentleman whose extravagance is not to be set down to mere singularity, but to a rare delight in philosophy, the love of wisdom, as he might attain to it by the study of his fellows.

"One day as Mr. Carew was begging in the town of Maiden Bradley, from door to door, as a shipwrecked seaman, he saw on the other side of the street a mendicant brother sailor, in a habit as forlorn as his own, a begging for God's sake, just like himself; who seeing

Mr. Carew, crossed over the way and came up to him, and in the cant language, asked him where he lay last night, what road he was going, and several other questions; then whether he would brush into a boozing-ken and be his thrums; to this he consented." Begging the town on the following day, they came at length to Lord Weymouth's and were there very hardly received. So eloquent were however their entreaties, that at last the housekeeper gave them the greatest part of a cold shoulder of mutton, half a fine wheaten loaf, and a shilling, and from the butler they got a copper of good ale. The victuals encumbered them, and Mr. Carew was for throwing them into the hedge, "but the other urged that it was both a sin and a shame to waste good victuals in that manner: so they both agreed to go to the Green Man, about a mile from my lord's, and there exchange it for liquor. After snacking the argot, and taking a parting glass, each went his separate way."

Now this mendicant sailor was none other than Lord Weymouth himself, who was wont to assume such a habit in order to sound the tempers and dispositions of the gentlemen and other inhabitants of the neighborhood. He repaired straightway to his own seat, and resuming his embroidered apparel, sent his servants post-haste to bring in the two shipwrecked sailors of whom he had heard reports. Mr. Carew being brought in, "his Lordship accosted him in a very rough stern manner, asks where the other fellow was, and told him he would be made to find him. . . . After having terrified and threatened him for a considerable time, away goes his Lordship, and divested himself of his habit and character of a nobleman, again puts on his rags, and is by his trusty valet de chambre ushered into

the room where his brother beggar stood sweating for fear. They confer notes together, in order that their accounts might agree when examined apart." But when Lord Weymouth in his own person examined Mr. Carew, he pretended that the other sailor's account contradicted his, threatened him with prison, and indeed omitted nothing that might strike Mr. Carew with the greatest terror and confusion. When his Lordship had sufficiently diverted himself, he discovered himself merrily, and very nobly entertained Mr. Carew for three days, and gave him an excellent good suit of clothes and ten guineas.

From this adventure we should learn not to give victuals to beggars, but alms in money only, "as more acceptable and serviceable to beggars than the best of provisions, the greatest part of which they either waste, give away or exchange for an inconsiderable quantity of drink."

Of the latter end of Mr. Carew we have but little knowledge. Mr. John Fyvie [1] quotes a Mr. Thomas Price, of Poole, who stated, in 1810, that our hero had been deeply affected by the sermon of a right reverend bishop, and resolving to follow a better way of life, had resigned his gypsy scepter. Providence manifested its favor at this repentance; Mr. Carew soon gained so much money by speculating in the London lotteries that he was enabled to retire to a neat and comfortable estate in the west country, where he "ended his days beloved and esteemed by all." This edifying death took place, according to one account, in 1758; according to another, in 1770.

[1] *Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era.* New York, 1911.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, jun.

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ADVENTURERS have ever turned to the East. The courts of the Great Cham, the treasures of Ind, the burning deserts of Arabia, summon the high hearts irked by the gray glooms of the West. Burton, Blunt, Doughty, Lawrence—the list is long of Englishmen who have found the burnous and turban fitter garments for their torrid spirits than the woolens of their foggy island. Among them let us not forget that faithful servant of the Prophet, Edward Wortley Montagu.

The fanciful may read in the circumstances of his career a deep and strange fatality. He was the first European to be inoculated against the smallpox. His mother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in residence at the Court of Constantinople, had her son, an infant in his fifth year, engrafted with the malady in the Turkish fashion. The operation was successful, and its success a lesson to wondering Europe; but was not the babe engrafted with more than the dread disease? Did not some old Eastern madness enter his blood, to summon him back after troubled years to find peace in the bosom of Mahoud?

One need recall only the essential facts of the life of his famous mother. At eight she had been the toast of the Kit-Cat Club; in her twenties she shone in Society, a bright luminary, for her beauty and wit, and for her learning, unexampled in a female and respectable in a gentleman. As her scapegrace father, the

Marquis of Dorchester and later the first Duke of Kingston, wished to marry her against her will, she eloped with the man of her choice, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, of Wharncliffe Lodge in Yorkshire. This romantic adventure took place in August, 1712; in May or June of the following year the fruit of their union, Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., was born. He was later willing to let wonderers believe that the Sublime Porte had fathered him; this slur upon his mother's character is denied by the dates.

Lady Mary, for all her wit and all her protestations of virtue, may be accused of negligence toward her offspring. She was to be repaid with shame for what she rendered of indifference. Even ere her babe was two months old, he had been committed to mercenary care, and we find her writing coldly to her husband: "I heard from your little boy yesterday, who is in good health." Although in those days the bearing and loss of children were lesser incidents than in our own period of restrictions upon both birth and mortality, one may expect to find a mother of sensibility writing with more warmth of feeling than did Lady Mary (on 26 July 1714): "I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced in my reason 'tis both silly and wicked to set one's heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope and I beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both."

Early in 1716, Mr. Wortley obtained the appointment of ambassador to the Porte in Constantinople, with the commission of mediating between the Turks and their leagued foes. Lady Mary formed the teme-

Edward Wortley Montagu, jun.

rarious design of accompanying him, to be the first Englishwoman in residence at the court of the Turk.[1] With their son of three years the courageous couple journeyed in the dead of winter from Vienna to Belgrade, Nish, Sofia, Philippopolis and Adrianople, by sledge down frozen rivers, through dismal woods and over horrid mountains, through the lines of warring armies, and amid lawless and ferocious peoples. They came to Adrianople in 1717, and from then until May of the following year they employed their time in the service of their sovereign and in the pleasures afforded by the study of uncouth customs. Lady Mary's letters from the heathen court are justly celebrated, uniting as they do the acuity of a brilliant mind with the polite graces of a genteel lady of fashion.

Early in her stay in Adrianople she heard of the Turkish method of overcoming the smallpox by a partial surrender to it, and she made haste to impart this information to her countrymen. She wrote on April 1, 1717: "The smallpox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here rendered entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation . . . People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain

[1] Mr. Dallaway has it that Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their lords during their several embassies. (*Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, ed. Moy Thomas, 1887, I, 158 n.)

than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross . . . The French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of anyone that has died of it; and you may believe that I am very well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son."[1] The operation was performed in the following Spring. Lady Mary wrote from her suburban retreat to her husband, on March 23: "The boy was engrafted last Tuesday, and is at the time singing and playing, and very impatient for his supper."

The Wortley Montagus returned to England in this year of 1718, and Lady Mary set about introducing her Turkish counter to the scourge. After six condemned criminals and the children of the Princess of Wales had been successfully engrafted, Society made of the process a popular vogue. Against the opposition of the clergy, descanting on the impiety of taking events out of the hands of Providence, and despite the physicians, furious that maladies should be taken out of their own, the process of inoculation became established. When Lady Mary's daughter was engrafted, four lead-

[1] Lady Mary had previously suffered from the small-pox, thus rendering herself unfit for experimental purposes. Delvers into origins will remember that during the latter part of the Ming dynasty a system of inoculation was practiced in China, germ-laden pustule-crusts being blown through a silver tube into the nostril of the subject (the left nostril for males, the right for females).

ing doctors were deputed by the government to watch the proceeding; and such was their malevolence that the mother dared not leave her child a moment alone with them.

On the family's return from the Orient, the boy was placed in Westminster School. He had been in this learned seminary scarce six months when he thought fit to run away. His parents sought for him with the utmost assiduity for a year, but in vain. "At last mere accident effected what studied design could not accomplish." Mr. Forster, his governor, from whom we have this narrative, having business to transact with the captain of an India ship moored at Blackwall, heard the voice of a boy crying fish which arrested his attention. It was indeed young Wortley, with a basket of flounders, plaice, and other small fish, upon his head. "He had been bound, by regular indentures of apprenticeship, to a poor, but very industrious fisherman; and, on enquiry, it appeared that he had, for more than one year, served his master most faithfully. He cried his fish with an audible voice. He made his bargains with shrewdness, and he returned the purchase-money with rectitude." [1] This is no bad education you will say for a boy of six, who found the discipline of a school an unwelcome substitute for a mother's care.

Returned to Westminster School, he pursued his studies, though in what manner we do not know, until 1726. In that year he again broke from his duties, as we learn from his mother's letter to her sister in July of that year: "That young rake, my son, took to his heels t'other day and transported his person to Oxford;

[1] Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 626.

being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome." It was perhaps on this escapade that he exchanged clothes with a chimney-sweep, and plied for a time that sooty trade.[1] Perhaps, says the annotator of the Royal Society Transactions, this was the origin of the custom of his relatives, the Montagus of Portman Square, to treat annually all the sweeps of the city to a feast on the first of May. This surmise was current long after the event, to judge from an advertisement in the *Times* of May 1, 1799:[2] "Mrs. Montagu will give her annual entertainment of roast beef and plum pudding, to the Chimney-sweepers of the Metropolis, in commemoration of discovering her child among them, long after it had been trepanned away." Mrs. Montagu took pains to deny any trepanning of her child in the *Times* of the following day, insisting that the family's custom was founded upon charity alone.

In the summer of 1727 the boy again decamped, to try his fortune in more manly pursuits than scholarship. The romantic tale has often been repeated of his adventures; the story would have it that he shipped as cabin boy to Oporto, and there deserting his ship, passed two or three years in the interior parts of Portugal, now as a vintage helper, now as a mule-driver. At length

[1] Annual Register (1776) 34, Philosophical Transactions of Royal Society (abridged) XII, 278 n.
[2] Quoted in Ashton's *Old Times*, 342.

he was discovered by the English consul, as he was transacting in his native tongue some business for his dull companions.[1] The facts, as adduced from Lady Mary's letters, seem to be that he was gone but a bare six months, and that he was discovered in Gibraltar. His identification was made certain by the inoculation marks on both arms. The confirmation of this version appears in a communication to *Notes and Queries*.[2] Mr. James Wright contributes an anecdote of his grandfather, a Quaker sea-captain. A comely boy shipped aboard the vessel. After a few days he became uncomfortable, and asked speech with the captain. To him he told the truth, with many particulars. "The cause of his unhappiness was that he could not keep his own counsel, but told the crew who he was, that he was related to a lord, etc., but which they did not or would not believe, jeering him, and saying, 'My Lord, do this,' and 'My Lord, do that.'" The Captain gave him up at Malta or Gibraltar to the Admiral of the station, who sent him home. "Although wild and unsettled, he was ever grateful to his friend the captain, always addressing him as father and master."

It is asserted by some that he again escaped, entering as a foremast hand on a ship bound for the Mediterranean. Most probably legend has divided the confused tale of his third journey into separate stories. At any rate the progress of this rake was sufficient to require the active correction of a father. He was packed off to Italy in charge of a tutor, Mr. Gibson.[3]

[1] Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 627; John Doran, in *Temple Bar*, LXXXVII, 501, etc.

[2] 3d Ser. XI, 373.

[3] Paston: *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, 355. All other authorities have it that the tutor was Mr. Forster. Mr. Paston (Miss Symonds) has had access to unpublished letters.

Thence the couple made their way to the West Indies, according to the common story, and there dwelt in shelter from notoriety for several years.

Young Edward, his education being pronounced complete, returned to England some time before 1732, and immediately married a laundress considerably older than himself. "He forsook her in a few weeks," says Lady Louisa Stuart.[1] "As the marriage was solemnized in a frolic," says another report,[2] "Wortley never deemed her sufficiently the wife of his bosom to cohabit with her. She was allowed a maintenance. She lived contented, and was too submissive to be troublesome on account of the conjugal rites." George Paston states, with most semblance of truth,[3] that the pair were at once separated by the boy's parents. Efforts to procure an annulment or divorce were vain, for the wife honored her new and exalted name with a rigorous virtue admirable in a lady of rank but exasperating in a washerwoman. Her purity of life was rewarded only by the sneers of her mother-in-law, who, out of patience, vowed that the new Mrs. Montagu was not young enough to get gallants and not rich enough to buy them. She lived long, keeping to the end unsullied the honor of the Montagus, to their united rage.

The husband was shipped to Holland, in charge of Mr. Gibson. The pair were in Troyes in 1732; Mr. Gibson wrote thence to Lady Mary, urging that they be permitted to leave the city, on account of some failing of the young gentleman, which he will only insinuate by stating that it is not drink.

[1] *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (Thomas ed.) I, cxxviii.
[2] Annual Register (1776), 35.
[3] *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, 355.

We lose sight of our dashing hero until the year 1740. We can surmise that he now gave the slip to his governor and ran through the series of adventures he himself describes in a letter to Father Lami of Florence:[1] "I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country-seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble professions of postilion and ploughman. I assumed, at Paris, the ridiculous character of a *petit-maître*. I was an abbé at Rome. I put on, at Hamburgh, the Lutheran ruff, and with a triple chin and a formal countenance, I dealt about me the word of God, so as to excite the envy of the clergy. I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian.[2] My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a Queen, and at another in the fob of a greasy Israelite."

During these years he contrived to run up a great quantity of debts, as he found his allowance of 300 *l* per annum insufficient for his follies. His father writes, under the date of 16 May, 1740:[3] "He is weak enough to desire his debts may be paid, tho' no one can guess whether they are nearer to 1,000 or 10,000 pounds, and he has behaved himself so that no one ought to give the least credit to what he says or writes . . . . His business is to make it appear that he can act with more prudence than a downright idiot . . . He seems to me to be as void of reason as he used to be; other-

[1] Quoted from Max. de Lamberg: *Mémorial d'un mondain*, in *Gentleman's Magazine* (1777) 376. If these feats were not performed in these years, they were probably not performed at all.
[2] I do not know Fielding's *Julian*.
[3] Paston, 381.

wise he would have contrived how he might remove with safety . . . I have absolutely refused taking the least notice of him, or meddling in his affairs . . . For my part I foresee that it is likely he will again go into the hands of sharpers, or worse . . . You will do well to let him know how likely it is that he will be confined for his life if once he gets into a jail, since no one will be weak enough to pay his debts." A letter from the prodigal to his mother, dated from Ysselstein in Holland, protests his reformation, and pleads that he may be permitted to join his mother, then in Venice. "I should have the happiness of being continually near so tender a mother, and the satisfaction of having it in my power to show you with how much tenderness I am, Madam, your La'ship's most dutiful Son and humble Servant." The tender mother received this prayer with scorn, and bade her son to keep his distance. She confined her maternal solicitude to inquiring for some place where debtors might seek sanctuary from their pursuers, and found no such happy haven.

The Wortley Montagu correspondence of 1741 and 1742 is full of the scapegrace son. The father was of a mood for reconciliation, from which he was dissuaded by the severer sense of Lady Mary. Mr. Wortley returns ever to the refrain that "any one with common sense would either get his creditors to give him a license or be able to hide himself from them." A sympathizer with the son might point out that Mr. Wortley senior was a man of great wealth, but that his avarice and that of Lady Mary were bywords with the gossips. There was no motherly weakness in the lady's breast. "I should not be surprised," she wrote to her husband,[1]

[1] 8 Sept. 1741. Paston, 397.

"if our son was sincerely an Enthusiast. Mr. Anderson told me that at Troyes he had a fit of praying for four or five hours together, and that he was with difficulty hindered from going into a Convent. Tho' I think his last letter to me does not look like it, since he desires to marry, tho' his wife is alive." She tells her husband complacently that when she was dunned for one of her son's debts, she told the creditor that the young man at fault "was, to my knowledge, not worth a groat, which was all I thought proper to say on the subject." The unhappy young gentleman, being balked of his various requests, to have his debts paid, to be reunited to his parents, to have his marriage annulled, and to be enabled to stand for Parliament, solaced himself by entering the University of Leyden in 1741, there to make a profound study of the Oriental languages.

In December of this year he returned to England, passing three months in his native land, by what arrangement with his creditors we do not know. His moderate behavior seems to have given his father some hope of future amendment. To confirm this parental impression, Mr. Wortley requested that Lady Mary interview her errant son. She reluctantly acceded, and the utmost precautions were taken that the meeting be kept secret. Lady Mary was living in Avignon; the inspection of her son took place in Orange. He was obliged to present himself under the name of M. Durand, and was strictly enjoined against revealing the relationship. "He is so much altered in his person," she wrote, "I should scarcely have known him. He has entirely lost his beauty, and looks at least seven years older than he is; and the wildness that he always had in his eyes is so much increased it is downright shock-

ing, and I am afraid will end fatally. He is grown fat, but is still genteel, and has an air of politeness that is agreeable. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and has got all the fashionable expressions of that language, and a volubility of words which he always had, and which I do not wonder should pass for wit with inconsiderate people. . . . With his head I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after . . . He really knows most of the modern languages, and if I could believe him, can read Arabic, and has read the Bible in Hebrew." Making due allowance for a mother's prejudice against her son, the picture seems not repellent.

Mr. Wortley obtained for his son the rank of Cornet in the army, and by the autumn of 1744 he was serving with the troops in Flanders. If we may trust the young man's own account, and we have no reason to suspect him of poltroonery, he was in the forefront at Fontenoy, and was highly commended by his superiors. He was twice dismounted by the wind of cannon-balls. The news of her son's courage amid peril awakened, however, only skepticism in a mother's breast to which solicitude had long been strange. Shortly after the news of Fontenoy she wrote barely to her husband: "I have seen the French list of the dead and wounded, in which he is not mentioned: so I suppose he has escaped."

Taken captive early in 1746, he was held by the enemy for well-nigh a year awaiting his exchange. The meditations of captivity bore fruit in a notable expedient for seeing England from some other vantage than the high windows of the Debtors' Prison. "I imagine my father could easily get me into next Parliament without laying out much money, and then my creditors

could not hinder me from appearing in England." This proposal seemed indeed an economical one to his frugal father; his exchange was arranged, and in the general election of the following year young Mr. Wortley Montagu was returned, through the interest of Lord Sandwich, for the County of Huntingdon. His demeanor met with common approval. Mr. Edward Montagu of Allerthorpe in Yorkshire wrote: "My cousin gives great satisfaction in the county. I think his nature to be good as well as his parts, and hope he will be an ornament to his family." [1] Lord Sandwich himself expressed his approbation of the young man. Yet when these good opinions were communicated to the Lady Mary, she replied merely: "I should be extremely pleased if I could entirely depend on Lord Sandwich's account of our son. As I am wholly unacquainted with him, I cannot judge how far he may be either deceived or interested."

His career in Parliament was respectable but silent. He continued to sit for Huntingdonshire until 1754, though abroad much of that time. From 1754 to 1768 he sat for Bossiney in Cornwall. As he left England early in 1762, never to return, one is entitled to believe that Parliament could be lax in its requirements of attendance. He combined his Parliamentary duties with other public service. In 1748 he accompanied Lord Sandwich as his secretary and one of the commissioners at the arrangement of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle. On hearing of this distinction to her son Lady Mary only wagged her head woefully: "I hope he may succeed in that business better than he has yet done in the professions he has undertaken." A letter to her

[1] Climenson: *Elizabeth Montagu*, 240.

son contained only stern admonishment for his "past extravagances" and a refusal to increase his allowance.

Notwithstanding his parents' parsimony, he succeeded in making a fine show in the world. A letter from Thomas Bowlby, dated January 19, 1751, reads: "Tomorrow I dine with Wortley Montague, who is merveillement (*sic*) débarqué; he has robbed Paris of everything that is rare or elegant. He went to Martin's (where they make the varnish'd boxes) and bought the whole shop, which cost him 600 Louis dors; his diamond buckles cost him 1000 Louis. In short he is computed to walk 2,500 *l.* His wigs surprise every one, they are made of wire; literally and truly there is no hair in them." [1] This report is confirmed by the vivacious Horace Walpole, in a letter to Horace Mann, on February 9: "Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body." [2]

Having now won honor in the realms of war and politics and learning, young Wortley sought the sweet consolations of love. He was transfixed by a shaft from the quiver of the diminutive Miss Ashe, the "Pollard

[1] Hist. Mss. Comm., 9th Rep. App. II, 402.
[2] *Letters* (ed. Toynbee), III, 35.

Ashe," as Walpole called her for her littleness. "I am afraid the eldest Miss Naylor is much dejected at the infidelity of our cousin Wortley, who is greatly enamoured of little Miss Ashe," wrote Elizabeth Montagu.[1] "All collectors of natural curiosities love something of every species. Mr. Wortley has had a passion for all sorts and sizes of women. Miss Ashe is a sort of middle species between a woman and a fairy, and by her rarity worthy to be added even to so large a collection of amours." This Miss Ashe was commonly supposed to be the daughter of the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II, and Admiral Rodney. Mrs. Piozzi was however doubtful of the fathering. "I should think Rodney scarce old enough to have been her father. Her mother people spoke of as with certainty."[2] Miss Ashe was a lass of spirit, as you may learn from an account of her frolics in Walpole. She was persuaded by her handsome gallant, no doubt at a great cost in varnished boxes and shoe-buckles, and together they set off for a honeymoon in Paris. Wortley, a stickler for morality, insisted on a marriage, and the ceremony was duly performed in Keith's Chapel, Mayfair, in 1751. "Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives," says Walpole.[3] Twelve years later the matter got into the courts, in what manner is not clear, but we find our hero writing from Leghorn: "I was extremely shocked, and indeed more surprised, at the verdict in favour of Miss Ashe. . . . I did not mind any particulars, as she knew I was married; and I

[1] Climenson, I, 287.
[2] *Autobiography*, I, 331.
[3] *Letters*, III, 77.

never thought it could be necessary to prove it, since it was only done that there might be something to say to the Father in case of a surprize." [1] Perhaps the action had to do with a voiding of the marriage, for the bride later settled down and wed a Mr. Falconer, R. N.

The present was not shadowed by the presentiment of future storms. Nevertheless, their bliss was not of long duration, for the groom was soon after jailed for his part in a gambling scandal.

A certain Abraham Payba, a Jew, alias James Roberts, had journeyed to Paris in company with a Miss Rose, and, for propriety's sake, Miss Rose's sister. He was invited to Mr. Wortley Montagu's apartments, and was there plied with wine until much flustered by Mr. Wortley Montagu and his friends, Mr. Taaffe and Lord Southwell. This Mr. Taaffe, M. P. for Arundel, was, according to Horace Walpole, an Irishman who had changed his religion to fight a duel, and who had acted, with Mr. Wortley Montagu, as Pharaoh-banker for Mme de Mirepoix, wife of the French ambassador. "He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling, with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter,—flying back to the former for Lewes races —and smuggling burgundy at the same time." [2] Well, Mr. Payba was induced to play at dice with his hosts, losing in less than an hour 870 louis d'or. As he told the story, the winners visited him next day and threatened to cut him across the face with their swords if he would not fulfill his debt of honor; being intimi-

[1] Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, IX, 795.
[2] III, 77.

dated, he satisfied his honor by giving drafts on a banker with whom he had no funds. He then set out for Lyons, leaving the Misses Rose behind. The three bravos, says the complaint, broke into his lodgings, and took away all his jewelry, money, laces, plate and china, and Miss Rose and her sister, who apparently preferred three protectors to one.

The Jew deposed his accusation, and Mr. Wortley Montagu was brutally thrust into a dismal dungeon of the Châtelet, "destined for the vilest malefactors; the walls were scrawled over with their vows and prayers to Heaven, before they were carried to the gibbet or the wheel. Amongst other notable inscriptions, I found one with the following note underneath; viz., 'These verses were written by the priest who was burned and hanged, in the year 1717, for stealing a chalice of the holy sacrament.'" Mr. Wortley Montagu, as a member of the Royal Society, had always a lively interest in inscriptions. Such examinations, and the consciousness of rectitude, preserved him from despair. "I wrapped myself up in innocence, whose portion is fortitude, and whose virtue is tranquillity."

The trial of the matter was a tedious business. Mr. Wortley Montagu and Mr. Taaffe received the first judgment; Mr. Roberts obtained a reversal on appeal, on 14th June 1752; Mr. Wortley Montagu and Mr. Taaffe appealed in their turn; "It is most probable this disgraceful business was here suffered to terminate."[1] Numerous pamphlets were published on both sides of the case. It would appear that our Mr. Wortley Montagu was especially resentful at the suggestion that he had played with cogged dice. Mrs. Elizabeth Mon-

[1] Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes,* IV, 634 n.

tagu, repelling such outrightness, would consent to his having played with too much *finesse*. "*Finesse*," she explains, "is a pretty improvement in modern life and modern language. It is something people may do without being hanged, and speak of without being challenged. It is a point just beyond fair skill and just short of downright knavery; but as the medium is ever hard to hit, the very professors of finesse do sometimes deviate into paths that lead to prisons and the galleys, and such is the case of those unhappy heroes. The Speaker of the House of Commons will be grieved to see two illustrious senators chained at the noble oar. The King of France has been applied to, but says he does not interpose in private matters. So how it will go with them no one can tell. In the meantime, poor Miss Ashe weeps like the forsaken Ariadne on a foreign shore." [1] Let us add to our account only the *bon mot* of Lord Coke's. "The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's apropos of these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, 'Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's.'" [2]

We now lose sight of our young friend until the year 1759. He tells us that he was in a country retirement regarding the profusion of varying beauties with a philosophic eye.[3] We know only of his election to Parliament in 1754; apparently his adventures in the gay and dissipated capital of France reduced in no way the esteem of his electors. Perhaps the literary satisfactions he had found in composing his pamphlet

[1] Temple Bar, LXXVII, 507.
[2] Walpole: *Letters*, III, 77.
[3] Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 635.

on his incarceration turned his mind toward scholarly pursuits. However it be, he gave to the public in 1759 his "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the ancient Republics, adapted to the present State of Great Britain," in 8vo. I have no access to a copy of this work and can give you no modern estimate of it. His mother, in a letter to her daughter, refers to it only as "a very nonsensical book, printed with your brother's name to it, which only serves to prove to me . . . that he is still a Knavish Fool. This is no news to me; I have long wept the misfortune of being mother to such an animal." [1] But Mrs. Delany, a bluestocking by any reckoning, said: "I have not gone through with young Wortley Montagu's book, which the learned commend, and I suppose deserves it." [2] John Nichols, F.S.A., holds it to be concise and elegant, and written with spirit.[3] Dr. John Doran, F.S.A., calls it "an able and spirited review." [4] It passed through four editions and received the commendation of a translation into French. In view of such a reception one would be incautious to accept a mother's estimate. Mr. Wortley Montagu is said to be likewise the author of "An Explication of the Causes of Earthquakes," but the place of its publication is not known.

According to Mr. Wortley senior's will, made in 1755, his son was to have six hundred a year. The reversion to this he promptly sold, yet he was soon again in money troubles. In 1760 he was in hiding in England, his whereabouts a secret even to his lawyers.[5] Opportunely enough, his father died on January 1,

[1] Paston, 510.
[2] *Life and Correspondence*, III, 419.
[3] *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 636.
[4] Temple Bar, LXXVII, 509.
[5] Climenson, II, 197.

1760, leaving, says Walpole, an estate of one million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The son received an annuity of 1000 *l*, to become 2000 *l* on the death of Lady Mary. He was further empowered to make a settlement on any woman he might legitimately marry of 800 *l* a year, and to any son of such marriage a considerable estate in the West Riding of Yorkshire was devised. Lady Mary accused her son of entering a false caveat to the will; but the circumstances are too obscure to warrant examination.

Now at last with money in his pocket our Mr. Wortley Montagu could release his spirit, so long compressed in splenetic English airs. He made his preparations for a scientific journey into the East. Dr. Doran has preserved an optician's bill, dated 30 December 1761. It includes 49 reading glasses, 32 telescopes, and 145 pairs of spectacles. The total bill came to 188 *l* 7 *s*. 6 *d*. Mr. Wortley Montagu was not a person to do things by halves.

If all his preparations were on this scale, he must have been hard pressed for money. Indeed, we have proof of his necessities, for he was obliged to forge his mother's name. This attempt upon her honor and her property wounded her to the quick; she wrote on 16th March 1762: "You have shortened your Father's days, and will perhaps have the glory to break your mother's heart."

The moneys obtained by these unworthy means were devoted to the interests of scholarship. He wrote two letters to the Earl of Macclesfield, which were read before the Royal Society, and later published in a quarto pamphlet, intituled: "Observations upon a supposed antique Bust at Turin." He came to Rome early in June,

according to the testimony of the great archaeologist and esthetic philosopher, Johann Winckelmann, who informed his correspondent on June 18, 1762, that Mr. Wortley Montagu was planning a journey to Greece, Egypt, and the Levant, to make astronomical, physical and botanical discoveries. "He is a man of forty-seven years,[1] and of great learning, especially in the Oriental tongues. . . . He is travelling with a lady who is said to be his relation. Nothing has more drawn me to him that the readiness with which he speaks German. He has studied in Leipzig. Perhaps the maggot may take me to go with him to Egypt."[2] On 16th October he wrote to Usteri: "Montagu has already let his beard grow, and will very shortly set forth for Egypt; his journey is planned for ten years." Estrangement from England had no terrors for him; the very pictures in Newbold Vernon, his kinsman's place, were being sold for his debts.[3]

Lady Mary died on 21st August 1762. "With her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea."[4] This he gave, with great gayety of heart, to Mr. Davison, later His Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Algiers, the elegant and amiable companion of his travels in the East. Concerning the female relation of whom the Abbé Winckelmann spoke we have no further knowledge.

Mr. Wortley Montagu sailed from Leghorn in April 1763.[5] The first stage of his journey took him to Alexandria, where an unlooked-for incident delayed his

[1] He was in fact forty-nine. Three and a half years later Winckelmann spoke of him as a man of 56. This rapid aging may be ascribed to his hardships, physical and spiritual, or to his beard.
[2] Winckelmann's *Werke* (1824), X, 126. [4] Walpole: *Letters,* V, 250.
[3] Climenson, II, 249. [5] Nichols, IX, 796.

further progress. The Cytherean goddess, in the shape of the wife of the Danish Consul, Herr Feroe, ensnared him in her net. She was the daughter of an English innkeeper of Leghorn and an Italian mother. Mr. Wortley Montagu sighed in vain; what her beauty promised, her virtue withheld. But love, that quickener of the most sluggish wits, was not long in suggesting a stratagem. He proposed to Herr Feroe a journey to Holland, where he should arrange the money affairs of Mr. Wortley Montagu, and should thereby reap great profits for himself. We have no record of Consul Feroe's emotions on meeting the Dutch bankers to whom he was referred; he was soon to make new discoveries in the field of emotion. After he had been absent some months, Mr. Wortley Montagu displayed to the wife a letter from Holland, giving official attestation of the death of the Consul. A fitting period was allowed for the distracted widow's grief to subside; Mr. Wortley Montagu then represented to her his ardor, her own destitute condition, and the charms of an archaeological honeymoon in the Arabian deserts. She made suitable objections, affirming that she, a Roman Catholic, had erred once in wedding a Protestant, and was not moved to repeat her sin. Mr. Wortley Montagu expressed his willingness to subscribe to her faith. The two were then married "in der dort üblichen Form," says Winckelmann vaguely,[1] and set off with all speed for the wilderness. It was on this journey that he determined the exact spot at which the Children of Israel miraculously crossed the Red Sea, stood on the very rock of Mt. Sinai where Moses spoke

[1] Niebuhr says they were married by a Franciscan, her confessor. His story differs considerably from the one given above. *Reisebeschreibung* (1837), III, 30.

face to face with the Almighty, and copied the mysterious inscriptions among the Written Mountains.[1]

In October 1764 the couple came to Jerusalem. Mr. Wortley Montagu presented himself to Father Paul, prefect of Missions in Egypt and Cyprus. "The traveller said that he had come to Jerusalem rather out of curiosity than devotion, but that the hand of God had fallen upon him. From his youth up, he stated (truly enough) that he had been the dupe of the devil. . . . Father Paul . . . gave him plenary absolution, and received him into communion with Rome. . . . The good father bids all the faithful to refrain from snubbing the convert, but on the contrary, to rejoice and be merry over him, as they would be over the unexpected finding of a treasure."[2] In a few years he became a Moslem, according to his mother's prediction.

Meanwhile Consul Feroe had received explicit word of his wife's death, and even a package of her clothes. When a ship-captain informed him of the recent news from Alexandria, and that Mr. Wortley Montagu and his lovely wife had set off for Kahira in Eastern garb, he resolved straightway upon action. In 1764, filled with a considerable accumulation of bile, he arrived in Smyrna. The Catholic couple complacently announced that the various Protestant marriages of the parties concerned could be termed nothing better than excursions in concubinage. The rebuffed husband flew to the Danish consul at Constantinople, who applied to Mr. Grenville, the English resident, and stormed that if he did not get satisfaction he would have recourse to Turkish justice. Such a course would have attacked the

[1] Trans. Royal Society, LVI, 40; LVII, 438; Abridged ed., XII, 278.

[2] Temple Bar, LXXVII, 512. See the copy of his certificate of admission to the faith in Notes and Queries, 4th Ser., XI, 7.

English influence then being fostered in the Orient. "Mr. Grenville, alarm'd at the Consequences of such a Precedent as the latter Expedient would afford, prevails on the Dane to desist from that and writes home for Orders, observing very justly that the Laws of England cannot operate there & if they could, he is in no capacity to execute them." [1]

The vengeful husband soon put his threat in action. He came to Saida, the port of Damascus, and obtained a decree of incarceration against Mr. Wortley Montagu. Our hero, alarmed, planned to flee eastward across the desert to Basra, but was dissuaded therefrom by a representation of the dangers. He discovered a better course; he thrust Madame Montagu (known now as the Countess Montagu, a courtesy title surely) into a nunnery on Mount Lebanon, bade her wait his return, and set out for Italy. Mr. Samuel Sharpe visited him when he had arrived in the Quarantine of Venice, in September 1765, and gives an account of his appearance: "His beard reached down to his breast, being of two years and a half growth; and the dress of his head was Armenian. He was in the most enthusiastic raptures with Arabia and the Arabs. His bed was the ground; his food rice; his beverage water; his luxury a pipe and coffee. His purpose was, to return once more amongst that virtuous people; whose morals and hospitality, he said, were such, that, were you to drop your cloak on the highway, you would find it there six months afterwards, an Arab being too honest a man to pick up what he knows belongs to another; and, were you to offer money for the provision you meet with, he

[1] Weston Papers; Edward Sedgwick to Edward Weston, 19 Feb. 1765. Hist. Mss. Comm., 10th Rep. App. 383.

would ask you, with concern, why you had so mean an opinion of his benevolence, as to suppose him capable of accepting a gratification?" [1]

He passed two years in Italy, pleading before the ecclesiastical and civil courts, and then returned to Smyrna, where he was rejoined by his wife. On New Year's Day, 1769, he received the decision of the courts that the lady's first marriage was held to be void and her second, therefore, legal. In 1771 the home was transported to Alexandria; but in 1772 we find him again wandering, this time unencumbered by his wife. It was reported that he had embraced Mohammedanism, in order to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, and that there were domestic differences, as his wife refused to recognize his mulatto son as his heir. We hear of him in Alexandretta and Latakia, in Syria. When he returned to Alexandria it was not to rejoin his wife, who settled in Marseilles and later in Nancy. Mr. Wortley Montagu solaced himself with his studies; "I am buried in Arabic manuscripts," he wrote in 1773 from Rosetta.

Study could not appease the old itch for movement. In June of that year he set out with his black boy for Italy, settling for a while in Venice. He writes touchingly of this infant: "I hope I shall, some day or other, introduce to you a son of mine, who is very near black. He is upwards of 11 years of age, but writes and reads Arabic, and talks nothing else; nor will I permit him to learn anything till he comes to England." Again: "I mind no more the colour of a man's skin than I do that of a chesnut, as my little boy (who is quite black, you know) told a gentleman the other day who was

[1] *Letters from Italy* (1766), 9.

joking him about his colour, 'I am,' says he, 'like the chesnut, that is, all white within; but you are like a fair apple, which is most perfect when it has many black grains in its heart.' See what an old fool I am become, to be fond of my boy's sayings!"

During his residence at Venice, the Duke of Hamilton and Dr. Moore had the curiosity to wait upon him; Dr. Moore has preserved a memorial of their visit.[1] "There were no chairs; but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sopha, whilst he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him; and a venerable old man, with a long black beard, served us with coffee. After this collation, some aromatic gums were brought, and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montagu held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction: he thereafterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. . . . He is to the last degree acute, communicative, and entertaining . . . We found him wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish character and manners." The chief part of their conversation concerned the institution of polygamy and concubinage, which Mr. Wortley Montagu defended with a zeal in which conviction mingled with experience.

Mr. Romney, the celebrated painter, also visited Mr. Wortley Montagu in Venice, and was no less charmed by the pictorial aspects of the venerable figure than captivated by his knowledge, lively spirit, and fascinating conversation. The portrait which Mr. Rom-

[1] *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 33.

ney did of him renders well the outlandishness of his exterior, the swaggering simplicity of mind that could take pleasure in such an Oriental garb, and, perhaps the wildness of eye which his mother had discerned. It was a favorite work of the painter's; the original was given to a friend, and a copy by the artist's hand was long, and it may be still is, one of the choicest ornaments of Warwick Castle.

Count Maximilian de Lamberg likewise asserts in his work that he visited Mr. Wortley Montagu in Venice, but the cautious will note the color of prejudice in his account: "He rises before the sun, says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and lazzis according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after, he awakes his pupil, a filthy emigrant of the parched Abyssiania, whom he brought with him from Rosetta.—He instructs this dirty Negro with all the care and precision of a philosopher, both by precept and example: he lays before him the strongest proofs (as they appear to him) of the religion he teaches him, and he catechizes him in the Arabian language . . . That he may not omit any particular, in the most rigorous observance of the Mahometan rites, Mr. Montagu dines at a low table, sitting cross-legged on a sopha, while the Moor, on a cushion still lower, sits gaping with avidity for his master's leavings. It is this Negro who supports the white mantle that makes a part of the Turkish garb of his master, who is always preceded, even at noonday, by two gondoliers with lighted torches in their hands . . . During the most intense cold, he performs his religious ablutions in cold water, rubbing, at the same time, his body with sand from the thighs to the feet: his Negro also pours fresh water on his head, and

combs his beard, and he also pours cold water on the head of his Negro. To finish this religious ceremony, he resumes his pipe, turns toward the East, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for half an hour, and drinks his coffee." [1]

In February 1776 the news came to him that his first wife, the original Mrs. Montagu, the laundress, was dead. This word, so long awaited, promptly stirred our wanderer to action. He closed his house in Venice, and set his household in motion toward England. Passage was engaged for Marseilles, and measures taken to appease his creditors in England. Bethinking himself of the clause in his father's will settling a large estate on any son of his name, in default of which it would revert to the second son of Lord Bute, he had a friend insert the following advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* for 16th April 1776.[2]

"MATRIMONY

"A Gentleman who hath filled two succeeding Seats in Parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of gentle birth, polished manners, and

[1] *Mémorial d'un mondain,* quoted in *Gentleman's Magazine,* XLVII, 376. Common report no doubt considerably magnified his exploits. Thus his obituary in the Annual Register for 1776 states that "he had wives of almost every nation. When he was with Ali Bey of Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females, each striving who should gain the greatest ascendency over this Anglo-Eastern Bashaw. . . . Wortley, in his wanderings, generally considering his wives as bad travelling companions, generally left them behind."

[2] *Philosophical Transactions of Royal Society* (Abridged), XII, 278 n. Others will have it that the advertisement, though intended to fit him, was inserted without his order.

five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. —Letters addressed to —— Brecknock, esq. at Wills's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect."

Several ladies fulfilling the requirements applied, and one was chosen as the most eligible object. She was eagerly and impatiently awaiting the intended bridegroom when he was arrested on his journey by the hand of Death.

He died in Padua, on 29th April, 1776, from the effects of an inflammation caused by a partridge bone wounding his throat. He lies buried in the cloister of the Hermitants at Padua, with an inscription to his memory in the wall beside, describing him truly as "ubique civis." He died devoutly professing the Mahometan faith, for although he was in many ways unorthodox, and would never consent to be circumcised,[1] he felt no doubt that Mahoud promised him the Paradise most to his liking. Perhaps, as he died, his thought returned to the words he had once spoken to Dr. Moore, and with them upon his lips he could go bravely into the land beyond: "Your Heaven is the most tiresome and comfortless place in the universe; and not one Turk among a thousand would go to the Christian Heaven, if he had it in his choice . . . The Mussulman believe that . . . women are creatures of a subordinate species, . . . by no means worthy of accompanying believers to Paradise, where females of a nature far superior to women wait with impatience to receive all pious Mussulmen into their arms . . . "

[1] The neglect of this ceremony is said to have once nearly cost him his life, near Mecca or Medina.

LORENZO DA PONTE

LORENZO DA PONTE

LORENZO da Ponte, born a Jew in the Ghetto of Ceneda, in Italy, in 1749, was buried in the Catholic cemetery on Eleventh Street, New York, in 1838. In the intervening years he was a priest, a teacher in a Seminary, a scapegrace roisterer in Venice, Poet of the Court Opera in Vienna, librettist, for Mozart, of *Figaro, Don Giovanni,* and *Così fan tutte*, Poet to the Drury Lane Theatre, distiller in New York, grocery-store-keeper in Elizabeth, N. J., and Sunbury, Pa., and the first Professor of Italian in Columbia University.

His was a crowding and aspiring genius, ever unsatisfied. His life was a brilliant series of triumphs of the self leading naturally to failures by every worldly reckoning, for the world esteems continuity, which Lorenzo da Ponte esteemed not at all. Unstable as water, he excelled too diversely. Having once achieved, he would turn and trample his achievement beneath angry feet. A life of being, a life of doing, it was yet a life of having nothing, a life of losing.

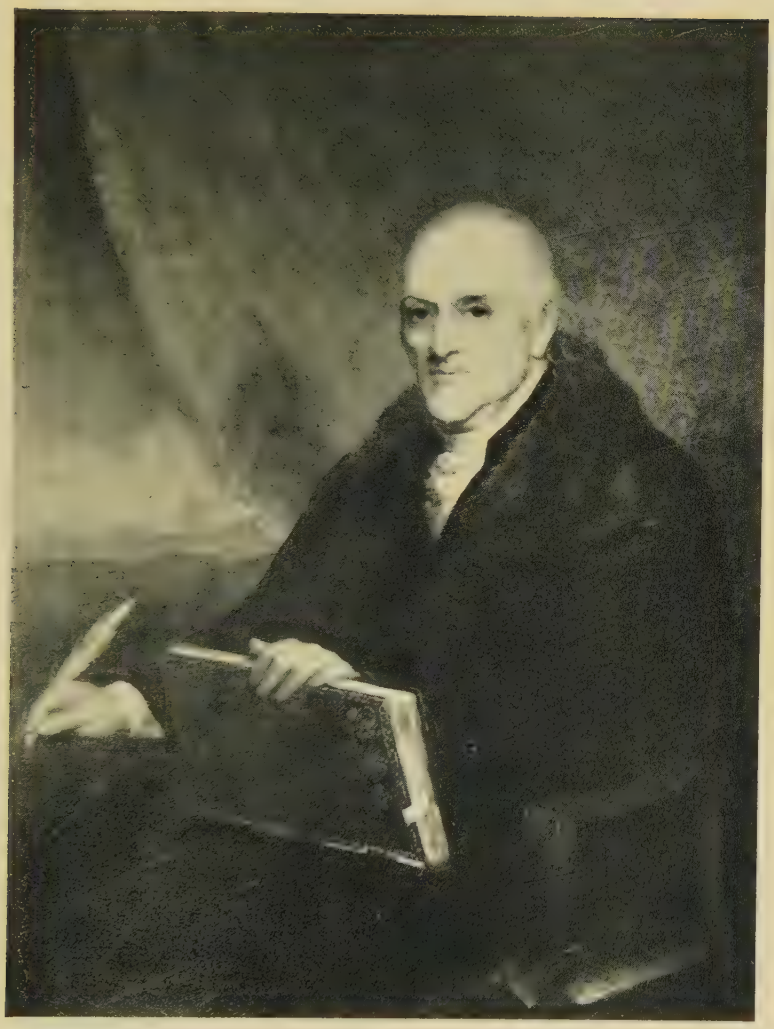
His career has recently been retold by Joseph Louis Russo in an ample dissertation in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. One of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is, perhaps regrettably, that the work of the fledgling Doctor alarm the unlearned reader by its forbidding format, its weight of footnotes, appendices, and justificatory pieces. I am heartened to be-

lieve that not too many of our literate nation have already read Dr. Russo's dissertation, genial and colorful though it is.

Lorenzo da Ponte's father, Geremia Conegliano, a Jewish tanner of Ceneda, was converted to the Faith and baptized by Monsignor Lorenzo da Ponte, Bishop of Ceneda, on August 29, 1763. The happy convert was divinely rewarded by receiving in marriage, twelve days later, a buxom Christian maiden of seventeen years. Is perhaps in this case the *ante hoc* a *propter hoc?*

Grace abounding came at the same time to the four sons of the Jew by his former wife, a fellow-unbeliever. The Bishop, in baptizing them, graciously gave to them his own name of da Ponte; and the handsome Emmanuele, a boy of fourteen, he christened with his own Christian name as well. Not long after, the good Bishop carried his bounty so far as to pay for the entrance of his namesake to the Seminary of Ceneda. There the boy plunged ardently into his studies for the priesthood, and distinguished himself by his aptitude for literary composition in Latin and Italian. His eagerness for learning is attested by his confession that he would steal hides from his father's shop in order to buy books. Yet we may conjecture that his education was derived not alone from books, for his schoolmate, the poet Colombo, recalls a fight with knives between the two Seminarians for the favors of a lovely village maid.

He continued his studies in the Seminary of Portogruaro, and there took his major orders, although he seems not to have celebrated Mass until 1773. On completing his course of training, in 1771, he was straight-



Lorenzo Da Ponte

way appointed to the chair of rhetoric, and in the following year he was honored with the post of vice-rector. His rivals took with ill grace his rapid elevation, and the fame which came to him for his poetical productions. Da Ponte quotes with complacency his verses on Odors, in which, he says, men discerned a spark of the old Rhetian fire. What time, meanwhile, he could spare from his ecclesiastical labors he spent in Venice, in the embraces of a certain Angela Tiepolo, member of the haughty and ancient Apostolic order of Venetian nobility. At length, wearied by the carpings of the jealous and by absence from Angela, he left his post, in 1773, and established himself in Venice.

These were the years that are dealt with in histories of Venice as the Decadence. The Bride of the Adriatic possessed little but bedraggled finery and a large concupiscence. To her came all those hungry of her beauty, not, as in the days of Ruskin, to sigh over her past, but to possess her. "The Sybaris of Europe," Foscolo called her; and Algarotti, "the free and blessed country of pleasure and beauty." In her seven theaters, her two hundred cafés, her numberless private casini, joy made its heedless home. The children of those princely traders who had carried Venetian might to Indus and Cathay now revelled in year-long carnival. The Carnival of Venice! "Six months of the year it lasts," says Monnier, eloquent with dead gayety,[1] "from October to Christmas, from Twelfth Night to Lent; on Ascension Day it starts again for two weeks; and again upon St. Mark's Day, and whenever a Doge is elected, whenever a Procurator is chosen, on the least occasion always, on the slightest pretext. As long as it

[1] *Venice in the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1910.

endures all the people go about in masks—all the people, from Doge to kitchen-maid. In masks men and women do business and buy fish, write their letters, pay their visits, and plead their causes in the courts. With a mask over his face a man may say and do as he pleases; for the State hath sanctioned his mask, and will protect it. In his mask he seeks admittance to drawing-rooms, churches, convents, to the ball, the Palace, the Ridotto. There he may take his ease, he may read in his armchair, but he must not forget the law of the Carnival: barriers hold, authority avails, and dignity exists no more; there are no more lordlings now, nor beggars kissing their long sleeves; no more is heard of spy or nun, of *sbirro* or *zentildonna,* rope-walker or inquisitor, poor man or alien; there is but one rank, and one character, *Sior Maschera;* but one costume, and one free people, garmented, steeped, confounded in delight. A scrap of white satin on the face, a black silk hood upon the shoulders; and by virtue of this comic livery, the aristocratic city becomes a democracy; and the loose garb of Laughter levels all her sons." Folly was queen of Venice; the fool's cap was one of the city's emblems. The great Goldoni wrote poems to lap-dogs; a learned priest devoted himself to making a collection of spiders' webs, thus emulating Elagabalus; a most esteemed institution was the Fool's Club, the *Casino degli Asini,* to which a sober lawyer gained admittance by blowing his nose on the violet robe of one of the Canons of St. Mark's.

Though we may well look askance at da Ponte, the priest, in his gallantries and revelries, we must remember that Folly might give her absolution even to the consecrated. The nuns in the convents of noble women

received in their parlors perfumed abbés and fine gentlemen; in carnival-time bands of dancers would assemble there, to frolic and foot it before the brides of Christ, compelled to fidelity behind their own grill. Casanova's nun of Murano kept tryst with him, clad in a pink velvet skirted coat with gold spangles, black satin breeches, diamond rings and shoe-buckles, and with an English pistol in her pocket. Two abbesses, avers Monnier, fought with daggers for the Abbé de Pomponne. The Président de Brosses, visiting Venice in 1739, set down: "Now as I write to you, there is a furious contest between three convents of the city, to know which will have the advantage of giving a mistress to the new nuncio who has just arrived. In truth, 'twould be to the nuns that I would most readily turn if I had a long sojourn to make here. All those whom I have seen through the grill at mass talking as long as it lasted and laughing together seemed to me of the utmost loveliness, and so clad as to display their beauty most advantageously. They have a charming little coiffure, a simple habit, but of course well-nigh always white, which leaves bare the shoulders and bosom, exactly as do the garments in the Roman style of our comédiennes."

Hither came young Father da Ponte from his bleak Seminary. "Boiling with my youth, being of a lively temper and, by all testimony, comely of person, I let myself be transported by the usages, by convenience and by example, into pleasure and diversions, forgetting or almost entirely neglecting letters and study." He rejoined his Angela, "small, dainty, charming, white as snow, with eyes languishing-sweet, and two lovely dimples adorning her cheeks like fresh roses." The

family of Tiepolo was proud and ancient, and had figured in the records of the Republic for more than a thousand years. It had given two doges to Venice; Angela's uncle had been Inquisitor of State, her grandfather Ambassador to Constantinople. Now it had fallen low, to the level of the Barnabotti, or penniless nobles, who lived by selling their vote in the High Council, and by what other devices need might suggest. Angela had a brother, a sad gamester, who, far from treating his sister's lover with the respect due to the cloth, exacted money from him, weapon in hand. Da Ponte asseverates that the reprehensible actions of this unhappy brother came nigh to ruining the fair reputation which he enjoyed in Venice.

Life in Venice was very sweet for an engaging young cleric of parts. Frequenting the Caffè Menegazzo, he met such poets of undying fame as Gaspare and Carlo Gozzi, Sebastiano Crotta, and Biagio Schiso. Romance sought him out in that city where adventure was a commonplace. A mysterious gondolier beckoned to him; he was summoned to a gondola wherein waited a lovely mask. 'Twas the daughter of a Neapolitan duke; after submitting to his charm, she besought him to wed her. But while he hung irresolute, she was cast into a convent by the State Inquisitors. Again, after losing almost all his money at the Ridotto, he was sunk in despair in the Chamber of Sighs, when an old man asked him for some pennies. He replied magnificently by giving the stranger one of his few sequins. The old man bade him come to his home, that the money might be returned. When at length da Ponte obeyed this behest, his host explained that he had long observed his gallantry and generosity, and had therefore chosen

him to be his son-in-law. He then dazzled the young man's eyes with the sight of a maiden "who had the air of an angel," and of an iron chest containing five thousand sequins, to be the dowry. The old man openly confessed the single inconvenience; he was the beggar at the foot of the Bridge of San Gregorio. Da Ponte, shuffling and paltering as ever in his life, made his way homeward. His absence had angered the high-spirited Angela; she greeted him by flinging a bottle of ink at his face. Aiming more truly than did Martin Luther, she attained her object, and badly cut the hand with which he shielded himself. During the night she further manifested her displeasure by cutting off his hair, which hung to his shoulder. In such shameful guise he was unable to leave the house, and thereby he lost the beggar's lovely daughter and his sequins, and likewise his post as tutor to two high-born Venetian lads.

The too happy days in Venice were brought to an end, the censorious will gladly observe, by a moral shock. A fellow-priest, having dined with Lorenzo, stole his cloak, pawned it for eighty lire, and straightway lost the ill-won gold in the Ridotto. Lorenzo reflected sadly that the principles of religion, education, and honor should fail to restrain a man so driven by his passions. "What leads to this woful state? Love and cards! I trembled from head to foot for myself, and on the spot I took the laudable resolution to abandon cards, my mistress, and above all that most dangerous capital." Thereat he fled from that unrighteous city, as of old did Lot from Sodom. Angela a few days after gave herself to a new lover.

Da Ponte obtained the post of Professor of Litera-

ture in the Seminary of Treviso in 1774, and there remained two years. In the end he was undone by his own genius. Being called upon to write a set of fifteen poems in various meters, in Latin and Italian, he chose as his theme the proposition that man is happier under barbarism than when blessed with civilization. This paradoxical idea, savoring of French infidelity, he developed with many an alarming modern instance, opposing even compulsory military service, the right of a father to choose his daughter's husband, and society's demand that he should work who would prefer to sing and dice. The Inquisitor, outraged, brought this loose thinker to trial before the Senate; he was expelled from his post and forbidden further to teach in the realm of Venice. During his trial he dwelt in the house of a benefactor, the eminent Bernardo Memmo. There he continued, until ousted by Memmo's jealous mistress, who shamelessly complained that Lorenzo had made attempts upon her honor. He retired to Padua and lived for forty-two days on bread and olives; at length he attained a certain prosperity by playing draughts in cafés. He returned to Venice, and was received in the house of Pietro Zaguri, the noble poet whose correspondence with Casanova has recently been published.[1] Again da Ponte was ousted, for the reason that he had assisted on the public street a woman pregnant by him, who gave birth on the pavement. Meanwhile his mordant pen was not idle, and the gall that dripped therefrom burned in the wounds of his victims. On May 29, 1779, was found in the lion's mouth of San Moisè an anonymous denunciation of our hero's adulterous doings, and on this charge he was shortly banished from

[1] P. Molmenti: *Carteggi Casanoviani.*

the State of Venice by the Prosecutors of Blasphemy. When he penned his recollections in his old age, his memory must have played him false, for he records as the charges that he had eaten ham on Friday and had been absent from Mass on various Sundays. "On this account," he says, "I abandoned my ungrateful Fatherland and went to Gorizia."

There he descended at an inn kept by an amiable German hostess who had no Italian. "As we could not speak, we sought to understand one another with glances and gestures. When the fruit came on, she drew forth a knife with a silver blade, peeled a pear, cut off half for me and ate the other half; then she offered me the knife and I did likewise. She drank a glass of wine with me, and taught me to say 'Gesundheit'; and from the movements of the glass I understood that she wished to tell me to drink to her health, as she was drinking to mine. . . . When we remained alone, she came close to me, and seeking out some words in a book, she put therein some bits of paper and beckoned me to read. It was a German and Italian dictionary; and in the indicated places I read these three words: 'Ich liebe Sie,' and I found that they signified 'I love you.' As the second half was the Italian dictionary, I looked out the conjunction 'and,' and I had her read again: 'und ich liebe Sie.' The little scene then became very charming. . . . At the end of a few days I perceived that I had got myself a little vocabulary, almost all composed of love-words and phrases, and this served me well afterwards in the course of my youthful conquests in that city and elsewhere."

There he lingered nearly two years, well received for the charm of his person and for his poetic gifts. He

was admitted to an Arcadian Society whose members, attired as Greek shepherds and shepherdesses, would hunt the woodcock among the yellow acacias of the hills of San Lorenzo, and would then gather in a little temple to recite long martial odes to Apollo and the Muses, and macaronics on the glories of the toupé. He pleased many a noble Maecenas by writing poems in furtherance of their political and private quarrels. More, he gained his first training in the field of his future glory by translating two tragedies for the use of an Italian theatrical company.

Toward the end of 1781 some dastard, whose identity da Ponte shrewdly guesses, wrote him a letter inviting him to the Court of Saxony, in Dresden, where, 'twas said, a high position awaited him. Lorenzo, nothing suspicious, bade farewell to Gorizia, only to find, on arriving in Dresden, that his letter was a forgery. He lived there a difficult year, marked by his collaboration with Mazzola in certain plays for the Opera House, by the production of a series of pious and elegant Psalms, and by an annoying contretemps when he was paying too generous court to a mother and her two daughters.

At the suggestion of his friends, the poet betook himself to Vienna, there to seek his fortune anew. He was well received by the aged Metastasio, the Italian Sophocles, then Caesarian Poet in the Court of Joseph II. The favor of the great soon brought da Ponte the post of Poet of the Italian Theatre; in this function he wrote libretti for the music of Salieri, Martini, and Gazzaniga. In 1783 he made the acquaintance of Wolfgang Mozart. It was concluded between the two that they should write an Italian opera, and at Mozart's

suggestion the Marriage of Figaro was chosen. The work was completed in six weeks, Mozart seizing on the sheets when da Ponte's ink was scarcely dry. Emperor Joseph, for all his love of the commonalty, would permit no such subversive entertainment to be produced, however much it might delight the reckless court of his sister, Marie Antoinette. All da Ponte's astuteness was needful to obtain the imperial license. The work when at last presented obtained a vast success, and indeed the tranquillity of Austria seems not to have been disturbed by the social criticism in Figaro's recitativi.

Triumphs followed upon successes. In 1787 da Ponte performed the task of writing three libretti in sixty-three days, daily delivering sheets to three composers. One of the three was Mozart; the opera was *Don Giovanni*. Our poet accomplished this feat by working twelve hours a day, with a bottle of Tokay to his right, a box of Sevillian snuff to his left, and his inkstand before him, and with his landlady's lovely daughter, a maiden of sixteen, by his side to inspire him with her smiles and sighs. *Don Giovanni* was first represented in Prague in 1788, and in the following year the distinguished collaborators presented *Così fan tutte* in Vienna.

The death of gracious Joseph in 1790 and the accession of umbrageous, penny-saving Leopold brought disaster to da Ponte. The chivalrous zeal with which he sought to obtain a fitting contract for a lovely singer set the world of the Opera House against him. He was dismissed his post in 1791, on the accusation of intrigues and capricious favoritism. Retiring to Trieste, he dwelt in travail of body and spirit, aban-

doned by his Emperor and by his lovely singer, accompanied only by thoughts of man's ingratitude, by two half-brothers and a female friend. With the remnants of his wardrobe he stilled the crying of these hungry mouths. It was during this stay that he met the devout and faithful helpmeet of his life, Nancy Grahl, the daughter of an English merchant settled in Trieste. The destitute poet was giving her Italian lessons; she kept her face veiled with all decorum in the presence of her tutor. He longed to know if her famed beauty equalled the cultivation of her spirit. "Mademoiselle," said he, "the manner in which you wear your veil is not according to the mode." "And what is the present mode?" "Thus," said the audacious poet, discovering her lovely face. Angered, she left the room; yet in the event he was to find that his impertinence had not displeased her. The poet fell victim to her charm, but his courtship suffered the not unwonted peripeties. At one moment Nancy was well-nigh betrothed to an Italian gentleman of Vienna. But the father, John Grahl, high-thinking Britisher, was outraged that the suitor made unsentimental stipulations anent the dowry. "It is my money that Signor Galliano wishes to marry! . . . Da Ponte, do you want her? . . . She is yours." So Lorenzo married the winsome daughter of the opulent Englishman, who almost immediately after went bankrupt.

Da Ponte and his bride set forth from Trieste, in 1792, happy in the possession of seven hundred florins and a horse and carriage. Paris was their destination, for Emperor Joseph had once assured da Ponte that Marie Antoinette was an admirer of his work. The pair halted at Prague, and visited aged Casanova, li-

brarian at Dux. He received the couple so warmly that da Ponte could not bear to mention certain moneys long due him from the illustrious libertine. Instead of money, Casanova proffered advice: "Go to London, not Paris; and when there, never enter the Italian Café, and never sign your name." They followed his advice, for at that moment the turbulent French were laying impious hands upon their King. They came to London in the late autumn of 1792, penniless, and took lodgings at No. 7, Silver St., Golden Square, no doubt an especially abject region. A series of reverses followed, which drove the poet to Brussels and the Hague. Within a year, however, he succeeded in obtaining the post of Poet to the Italian Opera in the Drury Lane Theatre.

These were the days of Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Sheridan. The Opera House was the most elegant and commodious of Europe. All London was slave to the Opera, to the sweet Italian singers, to the fair ballet-dancers of England and France. If we may be permitted a digression on the theme of *plus ça change,* we would record the effort of the Bishop of Durham to clothe the naughty nymphs. Their offense was thus condoned by a contemporary:

"'Tis hard for such new-fangled orthodox rules
That our opera troop should be blamed;
Since, like our first parents, they only (poor fools!)
Danced naked and were not ashamed.

Of such capers da Ponte tells us nothing. In the course of twelve years stay in London he wrote at least five operas, now inhumed in oblivion, did a number of translations, made a journey to Italy to engage singers,

wrote a series of libellous and obscene pasquinades on his enemies, opened a print-shop, aided in the promotion of a piano factory, set up an Italian book-shop, was arrested thirty times, and fell into bankruptcy.

The cause of his misfortunes, he informs us, was his too soft heart and ready trust of friendly blandishments. He indorsed large notes of his impresario, William Taylor, at the urging of the Banti, prima donna of the opera and mistress of Taylor. The notes falling due, da Ponte was the sacrifice to Law, for the impresario had slyly rendered himself immune to imprisonment for debt by becoming a Member of Parliament.

Caught in the toils of the law-courts, with disaster looming, da Ponte lifted up his eyes to see if any refuge might await him. Far away across the ocean he descried America, too young to have a memory, too animate with Liberty to cast poor poets into prison. Secretly he set his Nancy and her four children on a Philadelphia clipper; she carried with her six or seven thousand dollars evidently overlooked by the rapacious bailiffs. Six months later, on March 5, 1805, he set sail himself, avoiding a warrant for his arrest by only a few hours.

Thus, at fifty-six, under a heavy burden of failure, the indomitable Venetian sought a strange continent to begin life anew. His introduction to the American character was unpropitious. His captain, Abishai Hayden of Nantucket, a whaler, treated his passengers like sailors and his sailors like whales. Despite forty-four guineas paid in passage money, Lorenzo was fed on salt beef and pork and obliged to sleep on a heap of his own garments.

When he rejoined his family in New York, he found that in such a provincial city there was little scope for the talents of an Italian librettist. Putting aside pride, he opened a grocery store in New York; then, owing to an outbreak of yellow fever, he moved his stock to Elizabeth, New Jersey. He laments in his Memoirs the indignity of weighing out two ounces of tea or half a yard of "pigtail" to cobblers and teamsters with the hand that had written *le Nozze di Figaro.* Environed by envy, malice, and deceitfulness, he was obliged "rather than lose all, to take, for notes due long before, lame horses, broken carts, disjointed chairs, old shoes, rancid butter, watery cider, rotten eggs, apples, brooms, turnips, potatoes." At length, early in 1807, he was forced to sell his little house and return to New York, with the hope of living by giving Italian lessons. He was successful in this enterprise, through his good fortune in making the acquaintance of Clement Clarke Moore, the author of the first Hebrew lexicon written in America, and of "'Twas the night before Christmas." Moore assembled a class among his friends, and da Ponte threw himself into his work with all his old enthusiasm. He anticipated the devices of the modern pedagogist, proscribing all use of English, arranging plays for his pupils to perform and holding weekly receptions for the discussion of the Italian classics. From his success he even drew a little money; therewith he entered into a partnership with a distiller, who appropriated it with the treachery common to all da Ponte's associates.

Disheartened at this new revelation of man's villainy, he determined to abandon the city and seek those sylvan glades where Virtue was still cherished in the bosom

of Nature. In June, 1811, he shook the dust of New York from his feet, and transported his family to Sunbury, Pennsylvania, where Nancy's brother was a physician. He opened a store for the sale of groceries, distilled liquors, and medical supplies. But alas! Even this earthly Paradise abounded with serpents. The sole servant of probity in a population of knaves, traitors, and miscreants, he found himself again, in 1818, in a mire of disaster, with even his household furniture in the hands of the sheriff. He attempted in vain to establish himself in Philadelphia; at last, in the Spring of 1819, he came again to his "dear and forever blessed city of New York," which shared with Vienna the honor of recognizing his genius. He was seventy years old; all his baggage was his clothing, a set of Italian classics and some volumes from Bodoni's press; but the air of New York exhilarated him, and he trod her cobbled streets with the high and hopeful dreams of a boy of seventeen.

He at once resumed his classes, assembling under the spell of his eloquence the élite of New York's fashion. The letters which his pupils addressed to him attest to their proficiency in the language and his rare competence as a teacher. He asserts, and with reason, that the study of Italian in America was initiated and sustained by his efforts. In 1821 he lectured publicly on Italy, nobly defending his country against certain aspersions of the Press. He spent some months as the guest of John R. Livingston, in the ancestral home at Staatsburg on the Hudson, "among the Muses, the Graces, and the charms of friendship and hospitality." There he translated Byron's "Prophecy of Dante" into Italian, sitting under an apple tree and weeping sweet

tears. He published a vigorous reply to a cavilling article of Prescott's in the *North American Review* upon Italian chivalric poetry. With his son, he opened an Italian bookstore. He published, in 1823, the first edition of his Memoirs. And in 1825 an honor came which cozened the vanity of this ardent old man. He was appointed Professor of Italian Literature in Columbia College, the first professor of this literature in Columbia, and with Pietro Bachi of Harvard, installed in the same year, the first Professor of Italian in the United States. Yet there was a drop of bitterness even in this cup of joy. Columbia College paid him no salary, decreeing that he should be paid by the fees of his pupils. And, *pastor sine ovibus,* he never had any pupils.

In 1825 the operatic troupe of Signor Garcia brought to New York its first experience of Italian opera. His troupe, of no mean quality, included his daughter, Maria, who married a New York banker, Malibran, and who later became one of the world's most famous singers, whom Musset called, in some of his noblest verses,

> Cœur d'ange et de lion, libre oiseau de passage,
> Espiègle enfant ce soir, sainte artiste demain.

"Da Ponte introduced himself to Garcia as the author of *Don Giovanni* ('my *Don Giovanni*' he was fond of saying), and Garcia, clasping him in his arms, danced about the room like a child, singing *Fin ch' han dal vino."* [1] *Don Giovanni* was represented in the Spring of 1826, to the measureless joy of its librettist.

[1] Krehbiel: *Music and Manners,* 178.

The success of the Italian opera roused in him the old eagerness for fame twinned with financial gain. In 1832 he aided in bringing to New York a European operatic company, which came to a notable failure.

The indomitable da Ponte, with all the enterprise of his eighty-four years, borrowed money and built an Opera House, on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets. It was opened on Nov. 18, 1833. "The house is superb, and the decorations of the proprietors' boxes in a style of magnificence which even the extravagance of Europe has not yet equalled," wrote Philip Hone in his diary. New York was, however, not yet ready to support a permanent opera, nor were its men of wealth prepared to meet the deficits of Art. Da Ponte's partner disappeared, and his theater was sold to James Wallack. The reward of the old man's exertion was a new descent into penury.

Meanwhile other woes came to afflict him. Nancy, his faithful wife, died in 1832. His pupils deserted him. As his powers failed his thoughts turned ever backward to the days of his strength; in his poor New York lodgings he heard still the *bravi* of brilliant audiences, the cries of "author!" from boxes blazoned with royal arms. "I, the poet of Joseph II, the author of thirty-six dramas, the inspiration of Salieri, of Weigl, of Martini, of Winter and Mozart! After twenty-seven years of hard labor, I have no longer a pupil! Nearly ninety years old, I have no more bread in America!"

Conscious that he had lived too long, Lorenzo da Ponte died, on August 17, 1838, at 91 Spring St. He was buried in the Catholic Cemetery on 11th Street,

between Ave. A and First Ave. The cemetery has been transferred, the headstone has disappeared, his bones are lost. In death, at any rate, the mistakes from which he suffered were not his own.

RICHARD PORSON

RICHARD PORSON

WHO would delve into the lives of great men must reconcile himself, to his pain or delight, as his temper may be, to finding therein amid much sublimity many laxities, nay positive obliquities of character. While such studies may therefore be condemned as tending to degrade tender minds, they possess an indubitable charm for those of sturdier composition who love to sit in blameless solitude and instruct themselves, by great examples, of the antinomies of the human spirit.

Few lives of eminent men are more inspiring to wholesome reflection than that of Richard Porson. Commonly considered the greatest, with Bentley, of England's Greek scholars, he was hardly less celebrated as among the greatest of England's drunkards, at a period when such distinction was not lightly to be attained. In these days when the maleficence of the Drink Demon is commonly appreciated, we shall read with a certain wonder of an epic thirst somehow cohabitant with an ever-memorable scholarly mind. We shall, too, measure our civility with that of a hundred years since when we recall such compotations as that of Porson and the Rev. John Horne Tooke, the famous political reformer and philologist. A dispute arose on some subject, no doubt philological. Porson was called on for a toast, and said: "I will give you the man who is just the reverse of John Horne Tooke." A spirited

rejoinder having been provoked, Porson threatened to "kick and cuff" his host. Tooke, so Mr. Stephens relates in his Memoirs, "after exhibiting his own brawny chest, sinewy arms, and muscular legs, to the best possible advantage, endeavoured to evince the prudence of deciding the question as to strength by recurring to a different species of combat. Accordingly, setting aside the port and sherry, then before them, he ordered a couple of quarts of brandy; and by the time the second bottle was half-emptied, the Greek fell vanquished under the table. On this, the victor at this new species of Olympic game, taking hold of his antagonist's limbs in succession, exclaimed: 'This is the foot that was to have kicked, and the hand that was to have cuffed me'; and then, drinking one glass more to the speedy recovery of his prostrate adversary, ordered 'that great care should be taken of Mr. Professor Porson'; after which he withdrew to the adjacent apartment, where tea and coffee had been prepared, with the same seeming calmness as if nothing had occurred." On another occasion one would say that Porson had the better of it. Mr. Maltby reports in his addendum to Samuel Rogers' Table-Talk: "Horne Tooke told me that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings, and as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and in the morning, the latter, in perfect despair, said, 'Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square.'—'Oh,' replied Porson, 'I will go with you,' and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee-house, Tooke con-

Richard Porson

trived to slip out, and running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. 'A man,' observed Tooke, 'who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up forty.'"

The renown of England's deep drinkers was no new thing. We read in *A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a letter to a Nobleman in France*:[1] "But all this my experience, particular address, and habitudes with the greatest of that nation has assured me that drink is not the pastime only of the inferiour and meretricious sort, since I find it a suppletory at all their entertainments to drink excessively, and that in their own houses before the ladies and the lacqueies; it is the afternoon diversion, whether for want of a better to employ the time, or affection to the drink, I know not; but I have found some persons of quality whom one could not safely visit after dinner without resolving to undergo this drink ordel, and endure the question; it is esteemed a piece of wit to make a man drunk, for which some willing insipid client or congiarie is a frequent and constant adjutant. Your Lordship may hence well imagine how heavy, dull, and insignificant the conversation is; loud, querulous, and impertinent." Gemelli, at about this time, reports of the English: "They fill themselves extravagantly with several sorts of liquors, as beer and ale, aqua vitae, perry, mead, cider, mum, and usquebaugh, a violent burning drink."[2] Sir John Harrington's account of the visit of King Christiern of Denmark to his brother

[1] 1659. *Somers Tracts*. VII, 181. See also Edward Chamberlayne: *Angliæ Notitiæ*, or *The Present State of England* (1669), 38.
[2] Edward Smith: *Foreign Visitors in England*, 176.

monarch, James the First of England, is recommended to the curious. Ere the welcome was half done, His Majesty of Denmark, attempting to dance with the Queen of Sheba, fell down and was carried to an inner chamber and there put to bed; meanwhile of the court ladies who represented the cardinal virtues, only Charity acquitted herself of her part, as Faith and Hope were sick in the lower hall.

In these later times which we are now studying, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, William Pitt, Lord Chancellor Eldon, Lord Stowell and many less eminent were fond of emptying six bottles at a sitting. Philip Francis, the reputed author of the Letters of Junius, tells us that two of his friends finished between them one and a half gallons of champagne and burgundy.[1] Lord Weymouth, Keeper of the Seals, was always drunk. The heir apparent, later to be George the Fourth, at this time set a mark few could emulate. He was commonly pictured as a "Voluptuary in the Agonies of Indigestion." Wraxall tells in his Memoirs how the Prince, having been put to bed unconscious, nearly expired in his palace of Pall Mall, and was only saved for the throne by the prompt first aid of his servants.

With such examples to condone his weakness, and with Anacreon and the bibulous Greeks to urge upon him in the midst of his labors the charms of insobriety, Mr. Professor Porson is not to be too severely regarded for his dissipation of his powers. But let us have done with our moralizing and get to the recording of his life.

Richard Porson was born in the village of East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas Day, 1759. His father

[1] Trevelyan: *Early History of Charles James Fox*, 82.

was a weaver; his mother, the daughter of a shoemaker. Though his parents had no education beyond that afforded in the village school, his father seems to have had a considerable knowledge of arithmetic, for he taught his son to extract the cube root without setting pencil to paper when the boy was but nine years old. From his earliest moments the child showed rare promise; he learned to make his letters almost as soon as he could speak. He soon attracted the attention of the village clergyman, Mr. Hewitt, and was by him given instruction in Latin and mathematics. An interesting glimpse of the life of the country clergy in the eighteenth century is given by Mr. Porson's biographer.[1] Mr. Hewitt had an income of less than two hundred pounds; on this stipend he educated five sons for the University. "It is yet related, among people of that neighborhood, that he has been seen roasting a turnip, like Curius Dentatus, for his supper, and rocking a cradle and reading a book at the same time."

News of the boy's promise was ere long bruited about, and a wealthy and benevolent gentleman, Mr. Norris of Witton Park, undertook to raise a fund by which he should be educated in a proper school and in the University. He was sent to Eton, and there distinguished himself, as one may imagine. "He was going up one day with the rest of his form, to say a lesson in Horace, but not being able to find his book at the time, took one which was thrust into his hand by another boy. He was called upon to construe, and went on with great accuracy, but the master observed that he did not seem to be looking at that part of the page in which the lesson was. He therefore took the book from his hand

[1] J. S. Watson: *Life of Richard Porson* (1861).

to examine it, and found it to be an English translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses." He seems to have cherished little affection for his old school; he told Maltby that the only thing he recollected with pleasure of Eton was rat-hunting; he used to talk with delight of the rat-hunts in the Long Hall.

Porson was entered at Cambridge in 1778, and there applied himself with his accustomed industry, emerging as third senior optime, and obtaining the Craven University Scholarship and the first Chancellor's medal. Some of the emendations he made in Theocritus and Virgil attracted wide attention and praise among the learned. He proposed to edit for the syndics of the Press a new edition of Aeschylus, but the project regrettably miscarried. Of the lighter side of his life not much has been recorded. In the philological discussions which occupied the evenings of Cambridge undergraduates of the period, he appears to have supported his views with more energy than urbanity, frequently threatening to split his opponents' heads with a poker, an instrument which was always the favorite adjutant to his shafts of wit. "One evening an undergraduate distinguished for pugilism, seeing Porson catch hold of the poker, seized the tongs, observing that he could play at that game as well as Porson. Porson, looking in his face, said in a sneering tone, 'If I should crack your skull, I believe I should find it empty.' 'And if I should crack yours,' replied the other, 'I believe I should find it full of maggots.'" Porson, delighted with this witty rejoinder, laid down the poker, and repeated a chapter of "Roderick Random" suitable to the occasion.

Indeed, throughout his life he preserved a rare vigor

in his dealings with the unlettered. Beloe, in his *Recollections of a Literary Life*, recalls that "a person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to show the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teazed, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and rising from his chair, exclaimed with vehemence, 'It is not in the power of thought to conceive, or words to express, the contempt I have for you, Mr. . . . .'" To this chronicler at least, the words still reverberate with all the majestic beauty of Milton.

Maltby, his old schoolfellow, avers that in this early part of his career, Porson accepted the position of tutor to a young gentleman in the Isle of Wight, but was soon forced to relinquish that office, in consequence of being found drunk in a turnip field. Porson's biographer repels this accusation, on the best of circumstantial grounds.

After taking his degree, Porson vigorously prosecuted his literary career, with reviews of Schutz's Aeschylus and of Brunck's Aristophanes. He carried on a correspondence with Ruhnken, and earned the deep respect of that colossus of scholarship. Yet Porson displayed little reverence toward these masters, if the celebrated quatrain ascribed to him is authentic:

> I went to Strasburg, and got drunk
> With that most learn'd Professor Brunck;
> I went to Wortz, and got more drunken
> With that more learn'd Professor Ruhnken.

Mr. Porson continued to dazzle the learned world by his perspicacity in the elegant niceties of the Greek lan-

guage, by his notes on Toup's emendations of Suidas, by his numerous reviews and commentaries, and especially by his great edition of the various plays of Euripides. For a fitting appreciation of his work the lettered reader is referred to the histories of classical scholarship.

A suitable reward for his fame was granted in his appointment to the Professorship of Greek in Cambridge University in 1792. The salary attached to the post was, to be sure, but 40 *l.* per year. Though by present standards the professorship was ill paid, it must be recalled that the incumbent was under no obligation to visit Cambridge nor to deliver lectures. Porson indeed spoke only the one introductory lecture which was required. He had apparently some thought of continuing the series. When Mr. Maltby asked him why he had not done so, he replied, "Because I have thought better on it; whatever originality my lectures might have had, people would have cried out, 'We knew all this before.' "

He was not a man to wear the yoke of business oxen. When in 1806 the London Institution was founded, Porson was appointed its Principal Librarian, with emoluments of 200 *l.* a year and a suite of chambers. Yet some time after the directors of the Institution united to write him a letter containing the cutting remark: "We only know you are our librarian by seeing your name attached to the receipts for your salary."

Mr. Porson took a constant and active interest in current politics and the striking events of his times. In 1796 young Mr. Ireland imposed his Shakespeare forgeries upon the public, and succeeded in having his

"Vortigern and Rowena" produced at Drury Lane by Sheridan, with Kemble and Mrs. Jordan in the leading rôles. His Shakespeare received the authentication even of such scholars as Parr; Mr. James Boswell, it may be remembered, examined the papers, fell on his knees (holding a glass of warm brandy and water in his hand) and kissed the sheets with the ejaculation: "I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard, and thank God that I have lived to witness their discovery." Mr. Porson, invited to inspect the manuscripts, refused to sign a certificate to their genuineness, declaring that he was slow to subscribe to articles of faith. So great was his mistrust that he wrote a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, alleging the discovery of some lost tragedies of Sophocles, and enclosing as a sample a stately Greek version of

> Three children sliding on the ice
> All on a summer's day.

Of Porson's many other ephemeral productions, his letters on the Orgies of Bacchus, which caused no inconsiderable scandal, of his controversies with Wakefield, Hermann, Dalzell, and others of the erudite, we shall not speak. We shall record rather certain remembrances of his life and character, for the work he did has long been built over by succeeding Grecians, while the man he was still lingers as a legend to stir our commiseration. His was one of those rare minds in which vigor combined with judgment and with delight in classic beauty. His mind made his body jealous; he was tortured by his understanding, and found relief from it only by clouding his lucidity with drink.

His memory was the wonder of his times. He stated

that he could repeat the whole of "Roderick Random," although none ever cared to put him to the test. He recited in company the greater part of the "Rape of the Lock," with the various readings of the several editions, and a number of annotations. "Nothing," says the author of the Scraps from Porson's Rich Feast, "came amiss to his memory; he would set a child right in his two-penny fable-book, repeat the whole of the moral tale of the Dean of Badajos, or a page of Athenaeus on cups, or Eustathius on Homer." Basil Montague related that Porson, in his presence, read a page or two of a book, and then repeated what he had read from memory. "That is very well," said one of the company, "but could the Professor repeat it backwards?" Porson immediately began to repeat it backwards, and failed only in two words. "Porson called on a friend, who was reading Thucydides, and wished to consult him on the meaning of a word. Porson, hearing the word, repeated the passage. His friend asked how he knew it was that passage. 'Because,' said Porson, 'the word occurs only twice in Thucydides, once on the right hand, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and therefore knew the passage to which you referred.'" [1] His was a cruel and torturing memory. He told Mrs. Edwards that "his memory was a source of misery to him, as he could never forget anything, even what he wished not to remember." Who can wonder that he would fain wash away his memories in wine?

The natural cravings of his palate were encouraged by his taste for those gatherings where wit and learning frolicked on vine-leaf wings. His mode of life during

[1] Barker's *Anecdotes*, II, 23.

the winter of 1790-1791, which he spent with the learned Dr. Parr, are thus described by Dr. Johnstone: "He rose late, seldom walked out, and was employed in the library until dinner, reading and taking notes from books, but chiefly the latter. His notes were made in a small distinct text, of the most exquisite neat writing I have ever beheld. He was very silent, and, except to Parr, whom he often consulted, and to whose opinions he seemed to defer, he seldom spoke a word. His manners in a morning, indeed, were rather sullen, and his countenance gloomy. After dinner he began to relax, but was always under restraint with Parr and the ladies.

"At night, when he could collect the young men of the family together, and especially if Parr was absent from home, he was in his glory. The charms of his society were then irresistible. Many a midnight hour did I spend with him, listening with delight while he poured out torrents of various literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay; pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote; favourite pieces from the periodical press, and among them, I have heard recited the 'Orgies of Bacchus.'

"His abode in the house became at last so tiresome to Mrs. Parr, that she insulted him in a manner which I shall not record." Mr. Maltby, less squeamish than Dr. Johnstone, recalled that Mrs. Parr, a tidy housekeeper, made to Mr. Porson reference to the loathly duties of a college scout, to which she was constrained by his habits.

Lord Byron remembered Porson at Cambridge; he said, in a letter to Mr. Murray, "I can never recollect

him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—commons, college, or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of undergraduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus . . . . I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Messina,' insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."

Of his later life in London many anecdotes persist. For breakfast his favorite drink was porter; he had no taste for tea and coffee. One morning at Eton he met Dr. Goodall, the provost, going to church. He asked for Mrs. Goodall, and learned that she was at breakfast. "Very well, then; I'll go and breakfast with her." On his arrival at Mrs. Goodall's, he was asked what beverage he would take, and answered, "Porter.' The sixth pot was being brought in from the tapster's as Dr. Goodall returned from church.

After his day's work he would repair to the Cider

Cellar, a tavern near Covent Garden, of which he was the acknowledged regent, or he would visit friends whose cellars were well furnished. Port was his favorite wine, and brandy, the drink of heroes, his choice for the serious hours of evening. He welcomed, however, all liquids, even drenching himself internally with water, if nothing else was before him. According to Samuel Rogers, "he would not scruple to return to the dining-room after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the omnium gatherum." Mr. Maltby adds his testimony: "Porson would rather drink ink than not drink at all. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner, in the chamber of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. 'I drank it an hour ago,' said Porson. . . . When Hoppner the painter was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be content with a mutton-chop, and beer from the next ale-house; and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said, 'I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own bed-room; so, pray, try if you can lay your hands on it.' His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the

joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drunk every drop of it!' cried she. 'My God, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!' " [1]

When Dr. Burney was meditating an edition of Terentianus Maurus, he applied to Parr, suggesting that Porson might consult some books for him. Parr replied: "The books may be consulted, and Porson shall do it, and he will do it. I know his price when he bargains with me; two bottles instead of one; six pipes instead of two, burgundy instead of claret, liberty to sit till five in the morning instead of sneaking into bed at one; these are his terms."

Nature marked him ere long with that visible sign wherewith the drinking man is signalled, conveniently enough, to other drinking men. Mr. Porson thus replied to an invitation from the eminent surgeon, Mr. Joy: "I should be happy to obey your obliging summons; I should equally approve of the commons, the company, and the conversation; but, for some time past, my face, or rather my nose, whether from good living or bad humours, has been growing into a great resemblance to honest Bardolph's, or, to keep still on the list of honest fellows, of honest Richard Brinsley's. I have therefore put myself under a regimen of abstinence till my poor nose recovers its quondam colour and compass; after which I shall be happy to attend your parties on the shortest notice."

"He was generally ill-dressed and dirty," says Mr. Maltby. "But I never saw him such a figure as he

[1] *Table-talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 320.

was one day at Leigh and Sotheby's auction-room; he evidently had been rolling in the kennel; and, on inquiry, I found that he was just come from a party (at Robert Heathcote's, I believe), with whom he had been sitting up drinking for two nights." Such was his appearance that he was turned out of a hotel to which he had come to be the guest of honor at a dinner, and the same indignity was meted to him at private houses. He was oblivious to the vesture of the body. When visiting friends for a few days he would encumber himself with no portmanteau, but would thrust a shirt in his pocket, saying, "Omnia mea mecum porto." Having once been overtaken by a violent shower of rain, he came drenched to the skin to Beloe's house. Warm and dry clothes were prepared for him, but Porson refused to change, taking three glasses of brandy instead. He sat in his wet garments the whole evening. "The exhalation, of course," says Beloe, "was not the most agreeable; but he did not apparently suffer any subsequent inconvenience."

On one occasion at least he submitted to the ritual of dress. Mr. Maltby met Porson one morning in Covent Garden, turning over the books on a bookstall. He was dressed in a pea-green coat. The two talked of books for a time; it was not till later that Mr. Maltby learned that Porson had been married that morning.

This was in November 1795. His wife was Mrs. Lunan, sister of Mr. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. "One evening, as he was smoking his pipe with George Gordon at the Cider Cellar, he suddenly said, 'Friend George, do you not think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage as times go?' Gordon said something in the affirmative. 'In that

case,' continued Porson, 'you must meet me tomorrow morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at eight o'clock.' " The marriage was there duly performed, but Porson, caught between the duties of a bridegroom and the habits of a scholar, gave evidence of the force of routine on behavior. After the incident at the bookstall above recorded, Professor and Mrs. Porson dined with Perry. Beloe informs us that the Professor spent the evening of his marriage "with a very learned friend, now a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family obliged him to depart." He then adjourned to the Cider Cellar and there remained until eight the next morning.

In this oblivion of the accustomed ritual of the marriage day he surpassed even the great Budaeus, the polymath of undying fame, who studied for three hours on his wedding day, conceding eleven of his working hours to the nuptial business. Budaeus, we may remark by way of digression, was a person of admirable regularity of habit. A serving maid, in great agitation, coming to inform him that the house was afire, he looked from his book to say, "Go tell your mistress. You know I leave all household matters in her hands." [1]

Dr. Porson seems not to have been an ill husband. He retained the friendship of his wife's brother, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. "She was amiable

[1] One is reminded of an anecdote of Fédéric Morel the Younger, the eminent scholar-printer. As he was working on his Libanius, news was brought that his wife was very ill. "I have only two or three periods still to translate," quoth he, "and then I shall come to her directly." A second messenger coming with word that she was near expiring, "Two more words," he cried, "and I shall be there as soon as you." A third appeared solemnly to say that his wife was dead. "I am grieved indeed," said Morel, "she was a good woman," and settled himself again to work. (*Colomesiana*, Amsterdam (1740), p. 433.)

and good-tempered," says Colonel Gordon, "and the Professor treated her with all the kindness of which he was capable." Yet she survived the marriage but a year and a half, dying of a decline in April 1797.

In the early part of 1808 the Professor's powers began to fail. It would seem that the combination of drink and scholarly application, in either of which alone he might have indulged with impunity, at length sapped even his rugged constitution. In September of that year he was seized by an apoplectic fit in the Strand. He was carried to the workhouse, where medical assistance was given. As he was unable to speak, and as none had recognized him, an advertisement was inserted in the press, in which he was described as "a tall man, apparently about forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat and black breeches, and having in his pocket a gold watch, a trifling quantity of silver, and a memorandum-book, the leaves of which were filled chiefly with Greek lines written in pencil, and partly effaced; two or three lines of Latin, and an algebraical calculation; the Greek extracts being principally from ancient medical works." Such was the baggage of a scholar. A friend, Mr. Savage, called for him and brought him back to the Institution of which he was librarian. On the way he gradually recovered some power of speech. On being left alone, he descended to the Library. There he chanced to meet Dr. Adam Clarke, who has left an account of these last hours. Dr. Clarke spoke of a stone with a Greek inscription, which was brought from Eleusis. Professor Porson expressing keen interest in it, Dr. Clarke returned with a facsimile a few days later. Porson regarded it with jubilation, for it indicated the existence

of the village *Besa*, and the proper method of writing it with a single Sigma, to distinguish it from a village called *Bissa*, in Locris. The conversation then turned on the possibility of the Greek Eta being aspirated like the English h, and other learned subjects. The Professor spoke and moved with the greatest difficulty; he spoke Greek still easily, but the effort to translate into English he found too painful. "The truth is, so imbued was his mind with Grecian literature, that he thought, as well as spoke, in that language, and found it much more easy at this time, from the power of habit and association, to pronounce Greek than to pronounce his mother tongue."

When Dr. Clarke left him, the Professor, although scarce able to move, walked out to the African, or Cole's Coffee House, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. There he would have fallen, had not some gentlemen put him in a chair. He drank a glass of wine, and a little jelly with warm brandy and water. He was thus sufficiently revived to be brought back to the Institution, where, insensible, speechless, and sightless, he gradually expired.

THE END